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For Dr. Hunter
from Jos.
Aug 23" 1902

A FRAGMENT.

THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

OF THE

Founding of Morgantown

WEST VIRGINIA

1785 ---------- 100 ---------- 1885

WITH ADDRESSES AND PAPERS.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

MORGANTOWN,
NEW DOMINION PRINT.
1902.

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PREFACE.

It was the intention of the General Committee of Arrangements that a History of the Centennial Celebration of Morgantown, held in 1885, should be published in book form, together with sketches and essays on certain phases of local history to be prepared by individuals to whom the subjects were assigned by the Committee. The task of preparing an account of the celebration and superintending the publication of the essays and papers was assigned to me. Sixteen topics were assigned to as many different individuals, only three of whom ever handed over to the editor in charge their manuscripts for publication. All efforts of the editor failed to secure the completion of the work. The difficulty of procuring the material from which to write was doubtless the substantial reason why these papers were never completed. The publication was, however, begun with the expectation that the manuscripts would in time be forthcoming, but they never came. Now after the lapse of sixteen years this fragment has been collected and a few copies bound at private expense for preservation.

Morgantown, 1902. R. E. Fast.

CELEBRATION

OF THE

MUNICIPAL CENTENNIAL

—OF—

MORGANTOWN.

Containing the Address of Welcome by W. P. Willey; the Historical Oration by Waitman T. Willey; and the Centennial Poem by W. T. W. Barbe.

Quite early in the spring of 1885, the propriety of celebrating the centennial of the incorporation of Morgantown began to be discussed. The all absorbing topic, however, was the building of the Fairmont, Morgantown and Pittsburg railroad, which was then in course of construction. But now and then the centennial would be mentioned by one of the number of men who congregated around the places of evening resort, and for the time being there was a cessation in the surmises and conjectures as to the probability of the completion of the railroad in the early summer. The newspapers began to urge the importance of the celebration; but they only reflected the underlying sentiment of the public; for at this time it can not be doubted that the people of the town were, from the beginning, favorably impressed with the idea of the celebration. The people of Morgantown are not an impulsive or demonstrative people; but the zeal with which they undertook to celebrate their centennial, after it had been once abandoned by those who had the matter in charge, convinces us that the people were always deeply im-

pressed with the importance of the celebration, although their lack of manifestation doubtless had much to do with discouraging the first committee.

The exact day on which the act was passed establishing the town of Morgantown was not known. It was understood to have been passed in October 1785; and, at the request of some of the citizens, I addressed a letter to the Clerk of the House of Delegates at Richmond, Virginia, asking him to make a search for the date of the passage of the act. I received the following reply:

CLERK'S OFFICE, HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
RICHMOND, VA., May 23, 1885.

R. E. FAST, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—

Yours received at my office during my absence from the city, else would have been answered sooner. I have referred to the Acts of 1785 passed during October 1785, and there is no date of the passage of the act incorporating Morgantown. The journals of 1785 may be in the capitol building under my supervision, and I will take pleasure in making a search for them, and, if I can find the date of the passage of the act you write about, I will notify you of the fact.

Respectfully &c.,

J. BELL BIGGER,
Clerk of House of Delegates.

A short time afterwards I received the following letter:

CLERK'S OFFICE, HOUSE OF DELEGATES,
RICHMOND, VA., June 3, 1885.

R. E. FAST, ESQ.,

Dear Sir:—

In accordance with a promise made in a letter that I wrote to you, I have made search to ascertain the day of the month and month of the year, 1785, on which the act, incorporating the town of Morgantown, was passed. I regret to say that I have met with no success. By reference to the enrolled bills on parchment of that year, I find there is no date given as to what particular day an act was passed, but a general heading, "passed at a session begun October 1785." I made an effort to find the Journal of the House for 1785, but failed in the attempt. I am sorry that I can not give you the information you write for. I hope the failure to ascertain the exact day on which your town was incorporated will have no dampening effect on the glory of your centennial celebration of its birth.

Respectfully,

J. BELL BIGGER,
Clerk of House of Delegates.

The newspapers constantly urged the importance and necessity of celebrating the centennial. The *Post* on the 27th of June announced a town meeting, for July 11th, to be held at the Court House, for the purpose of appointing committees to begin the work of raising funds and preparing a program.

Many of the citizens thought that the Town Council should inaugurate this movement, and make the preliminary arrangements; but the Council failed to act.

In its issue of July 4th, the *New Dominion* contained a lengthy editorial on the subject, from which the following extract is made:

Morgantown must celebrate its Centennial. Every sentiment of citizenship demands it. Every feeling of town pride demands it. Every claim of public spirit demands it. Our self-respect demands it. Our One Hundred Years of history demands it. It would be disgraceful to let the occasion pass without some adequate manifestation of our interest. To do so would damage our reputation abroad, and humiliate us at home. Our neighbors would point the finger of scorn at a people who were so dead to every sentiment of local pride as to "make no sign" on such an occasion in our history. Besides, our centennial year is more full of interest and hope for our town than any other period of our history. Our railroad will be open. We will have water works and gas. Our population is increasing and new buildings and improvements are appearing on all sides. These things give additional inspiration to the desire for a centennial jubilee.

On the 11th of July, in pursuance of the announcements made, quite a number of the prominent citizens from town and country assembled at the court house to take into consideration the question of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the town of Morgantown. The meeting was called to order by the venerable Ex-Senator Waitman T. Willey, and on his motion S. C. Stewart, of Grant district, was elected Chairman.

On motion of Hon. John J. Brown, Henry M. Morgan, one of the editors of the *Post*, and Julian E. Fleming, editor of the *New Dominion*, were elected Secretaries.

Mr. Willey made the opening remarks. He said that he regretted that so little interest was manifested in the meeting; that it was a commendable movement, and would bind our people more closely together. It will, said he, cherish recollections of the past. It will engender good will. Its results will be beneficial in all respects. It is due to the memory of our ancestors,

that representatives of the olden times, with their hunting shirts, knee breeches, moccasins and lindsey coats, be present. We should have the spinning-wheel, the flax breaking machine, the wooden mould board plow, the old long flint lock rifle, as in contrast with the advantages of one hundred years. The old curiosities of the early days should be collected and placed in the University Museum, where they would furnish instruction for the historian, probably for centuries. The work must be put in charge of determined and energetic committees.

Mr. Willey then said:

"Mr. Chairman, I move you, sir, that *we do hold a centennial;*" the motion was carried unanimously by a rising vote.

Col. Evans made some appropriate remarks calling for Councilmen Pickenpaugh and Hoffman who were present. Both gentlemen pledged the Council to do its share.

Judge Dille then addressed the meeting. He made a splendid and enthusiastic speech. He presented some points not touched by the other speakers. He made the advantages clear to any who otherwise might have been skeptical upon the question. He showed the many advantages that would accrue to the town from a properly conducted and successful celebration. He declared there was no reason why it should not be a great success and closed with an exhortation that we all go to work and make it so.

Joseph Moreland, Esq., also made one of his characteristic, forcible, and witty speeches. He said that we must celebrate. We can't afford to let this matter go by default. Let us carry it through. It will indicate to everybody that we have snap, pluck, energy and determination. It will inure greatly to our benefit to have an appropriate celebration.

Mr. Moreland wanted to see the first passenger trains come to Morgantown on that day.

The chairman then made a few remarks and said the people throughout the county were in favor of the celebration and would render material aid.

John J. Brown then offered the following resolutions, expressing the hope that the suggestions contained in them might be amended and corrected:

At a meeting of the citizens of Morgantown held on Saturday the 11th day of July, 1885, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the court house, after organization and the selection of a Chairman and Secretary,—

Resolved, 1st, That an executive committee be appointed, consisting of citizens, to be known as the "General Committee of the Municipal Centennial of Morgantown," who shall have the whole subject of the Centennial Celebration in charge, with power to appoint from time to time, sub-committees to carry into effect, such program as the General Committee shall determine to be fitting and expedient.

2nd, That the General Committee ascertain and fix the day to be celebrated; select and appoint orators and essayists for the occasion and determine all matters in relation to the public order, pageantry, demonstrations, music, processions, firing of cannon, fireworks, &c., including the place for the meeting of the people and the time and order of the public exercises thereat, and in general, all the details in relation thereto, and in due time give public notice of the program.

3d, That at the place of the public gathering of the people, there be orations and papers historical, descriptive and biographical, delivered or read, or so many of them as the time and occasion may justify.

* * * * * * * * * *

At the conclusion of the reading of Mr. Brown's resolutions, on motion of Joseph Moreland, a committee, consisting of Col. Evans, E. Shisler, Senator Willey, N. N. Hoffman, Judge Dille, James Hare and Jno. J. Brown were appointed to consider and make a report upon the program as suggested. The committee retired to a private room and prepared tbe following report which was adopted by the meeting:

Your committee report and recommend as follows: That the first resolution in the suggestions of John J. Brown be adopted by the meeting with the following modifications and amendments. That a Special Committee consisting of S. C. Stewart, of Grant district; James Hare, of Union district; Joseph Moreland, of Morgan district: Jas. A. Faulkner of Clinton district; Alpheus W. Brown, of Clay district; James Sanders, of Cass district; Elias J. Eddy, of Battelle district; and Geo. C. Sturgiss, James Evans, Henry Morgan, Jno. A. Dille and E. J. Evans be appointed to meet at the court house in Morgantown on Saturday the 18th day of July at 2 o'clock P. M., who shall select the General Committee aforesaid and give immediate notice to the gentlemen they select on said General Committee, of their appointment.

On motion of James A. Davis the report of the committee was adopted, and the Secretaries were instructed to inform the gentlemen selected for this committee of their appointment, and the meeting adjourned.

This was the beginning. The meeting was not as largely attended as the most ardent supporters of the celebration had

hoped for; but the assembly was a representative one. It was composed largely of the oldest men of the town and country.

There was present in addition to those whose names have been mentioned elsewhere, the highly respected and industrious Philip W. Harner, of Morgan district, nearing the close of his seventy-seventh year. About four months afterwards his remains were laid away in the little cemetery at Rock Forge. And there might also have been seen the oldest citizen of the town; for the occasion was sufficiently interesting to induce the venerable Frederick A. Dering to leave the postoffice, where he had served the people faithfully for a quarter of a century, who, now almost eighty-four years of age, and a little dull of hearing, always voted aye on a venture.

The Special Committee appointed by the citizens' meeting on the 11th of July, to select a General Committee, convened at the court house on the following Saturday and selected the following gentlemen to compose the General Committee, five of whom were from the borough, and the others from the several districts of the county: E. Shisler, Prof. W. P. Willey, Judge Jno A. Dille, Jno. C. Wagner and Wm. Moorhead.

For Battelle district, Dr. A. B. Mason; Clay district, Capt. A. Garrison; Clinton district, Wm. E. Watson; Cass district, James Sanders; Grant district, Henry L. Cox; Morgan district, Jno. J. Brown, and for Union district, Geo. W. Laishley.

The General Committee was called to meet at the court house on the following Saturday and begin the active work of organizing for the celebration.

This committee organized at the time appointed by electing John J. Brown Chairman and William P. Willey Secretary.

At this meeting the general scope of the work to be undertaken by the committee was discussed and agreed upon. It was determined that the work in each department should be assigned to a Special Committee. And in pursuance of this plan J. M. Hagans, George C. Sturgiss, Joseph Moreland, William Moorhead, W. T. Willey, W. C. McGrew and L. S. Hough were appointed a Committee on Program.

On Tuesday evening July 28th the General Committee decided to hold the Centennial Celebration on Wednesday and Thursday the 28th and 29th of October.

At this meeting the Chairman was directed to correspond with the President of the F., M. & P. R. R. Co., and ascertain whether the railroad would be completed and opened up for travel to this

place by the day appointed for the celebration.

L. S. Hough was made Secretary of the Committee on Program. No more important work was assigned to any committee than was assigned to this. Among other things it devolved upon this committee to determine the kind of exercises that should take place on the different days, and the order of their occurrence; to appoint the marshals; to fix upon the order of procession; to determine the route of procession; and to assign to the persons by whom the articles were to be prepared, the different subjects of essays and historical sketches for publication. But the committee was well chosen and equal to the important duty assigned them, as the results of their labor fully prove. The following is the program prepared by them:

1785. 100. 1885.

MUNICIPAL CENTENNIAL OF MORGANTOWN, W. VA.,

OCTOBER 28TH AND 29TH, 1885.

PROGRAM.

10 o'clock A. M., October 28th, 1885.

Address of Welcome, by Prof. W. P. Willey, at court house square.

3 o'clock P. M.—Poem by W. T. W. Barbe, A. B.

7 o'clock P. M.—Old Folks Concert, at Academy Hall, conducted by Prof. D. B. Purinton.

SECOND DAY OCTOBER 29, 1885.

10 o'clock A. M.—Forming Grand Procession at the head of High Street.

Chief Marshall, Captain Geo. W. McVicker. Aids: Col. Joseph Snider, Christian Jennewine, Esq., Frederick Breakiron, Esq., Major James Bell, Wm. E. Watson, Esq., Capt. O. P. Jolliffe, Capt. D. M. Camp, Capt. Silas Hare, David Chesney, Esq., John Laird, Esq., Capt. Alpheus Garrison, R. S. Lantz, Esq., Dr. Albert B. Mason, Elias Eddy, Esq.

Order of Procession.

Morgantown Cornet Band.
Old citizens over 70 years of age.

Indians on Horseback.
Morgantown and Morgan District Delegation.
Masonic Delegation.
Band.
Odd Fellows Delegation.
Colored Delegation.
Ancient Vehicles with Ancient Implements of Manufacture, Husbandry, Weapons, &c.
Clinton District Delegation.
Ladies and Gentlemen, in Ancient Costumes, on Horseback.
Grant District Delegation.
Cass District Delegation.
Clay District Delegation.
West Virginia University Cadet Corps.
Battelle District Delegation.
Public Free Schools of Morgantown.
Visiting Delegations and citizens generally.

Route of Procession.

Down High Street to Foundry, down Foundry to Front, along Front to North Boundary, along North Boundary to Spruce, along Spruce to Pleasant, down Pleasant to High, up High to Court House Square.

During the progress of the procession One Hundred Guns will be fired.

1:30 o'clock P. M.—Historical Sketch of Morgantown by Hon. W. T. Willey, in Court House Square.

Centennial Anthem will be sung by a select Choir conducted by Prof. D. B. Purinton in Court House Square.

3 o'clock P. M.—Band Tournament.

$100 for the Band awarded the first premium for excellence in music; $50 for the second, and $25 for the third. Said premiums to the bands participating in the exercises of the occasion, to be determined by a competent committee selected for the purpose.

Essays, &c. for Publication.

The topography, latitude, longitude and boundaries of Morgantown; its river and creek; its streets and alleys; its bridges; its prominent public and private buildings, past and present; its years of growth and development; natural scenery in and around it; its future, &c.

By HON. J. M. HAGANS.

Its institutions of learning, past and present, their trustees, regents, principals, professors, teachers, including the Public Schools of said town; the number and names of the annual graduates of the West Virginia University and the Morgantown Female Seminary from their respective organizations.

By PROF. D. B. PURINTON.

Its religious organizations, including Sabbath Schools and other church organizations; their numerical strength; church and parsonage buildings, past and present; Pastors and Superintendents, &c.; years of growth and progress; prospects of moral and spiritual development in the future.

By REV. A. L. WADE.

The Courts held at its Court House; its Judges, Lawyers, and Court Officers, past and present; changes in names and titles of its Courts; their jurisdiction, terms, &c.

By HON. JOHN A. DILLE.

Its Physicians, past and present, diseases incident to its locality, climate, modes of living, want of proper sanitary regulations past and present, suggestions to be made in the near future, to lessen the cause of disease and promote the health of its citizens.

By DR. JOSEPH A. McLANE.

Its Mechanics, Artisans, Business Men and Manufactories, past and present; railroad and water facilities for trade and commerce; the public roads centering in and passing through it; future growth and development and prosperity, in connection with its business interests.

By E. SHISLER, ESQ.

Its establishment as the County Seat of Monongalia County; the origin of its Municipal Government; its Mayors, Trustees and Common Council, and other Municipal officers; organization

of fire companies, or other means for extinguishment of fires; matters of interest from its records, in relation to its material, moral and sanitary improvements; years of marked progress and growth; the annexation of Durbannah; the formation of wards, and separate ward elections; suggestions as to its government, regulations and ordinances for the promotion of the welfare of its people in the future.

By L. S. HOUGH, ESQ.

The genealogy of its inhabitants, including its men of note, influence and usefulness; not excluding its humblest citizens, nor our friends and neighbors who have emigrated elsewhere; marked peculiarities and characteristics of its people; their social status, and tendencies; their amusements, sports, &c.

By MISS MATTIE BROCK.

Its Banking Institutions; their managers, directors and other officers; their capital stock; circulation, and banking houses, past and present; relation and benefit of the banks to the business, wealth and prosperity of the people, &c.

By JOHN J. BROWN, ESQ.

Its private soldiers, and officers in the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, and the War of the Rebellion.

By CAPTAIN N. N. HOFFMAN.

The possibilities of the growth, progress and prosperity of Morgantown, and Monongalia County, in the future; including the resources of the County of all kinds.

By GEORGE C. STURGISS, ESQ.

Its newspapers, periodicals and magazines, secular and religious; periods of publication, respectively; names of their editors and publishers respectively; average yearly circulation; progress in the art preservative; presses and machinery used in their publication; their influence and future prospects; and the expediency in the near future of the publication of daily editions of newspapers in Morgantown.

By JULIAN E. FLEMING, ESQ.

Its Secret Societies, Masons and Odd Fellows, &c.; dates of organization; their officers, past and present; character of the men composing their membership; places and time of meeting;

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their social gatherings and influence for good.

By PROF. THOMAS E. HODGES.

Its building Associations; origin; time of duration; amount of stock subscribed, and paid in; their officers and agents; amount of weekly payments on stock, benefits to the town, in the erection and repairs of buildings; their advantages as investments of capital, &c.

By DR. E. H. COOMBS.

Its practical jokes and jokers; its thrice told tales; legends, ghost stories, exaggerations, doings and sayings, marvelous and incredible; its fun, wit, humor, &c.

By JOSEPH MORELAND, ESQ.

Its women, who in the past or present, by self-sacrificing devotion in the cause of religion, have gone as missionaries to foreign lands; or who at home in the fields of literature, science, morality, temperance, music or art, have become noted; or as wives, mothers, sisters or daughters, by their talents, worth and virtues have given character and repute to family and home, and left the impress of refining influences on society.

By MISS LILY B. HAGANS.

A brilliant display of fire works and balloon ascensions will take place in the evening of the second day.

Arrangements will be completed for excursion tickets on the B. & O. railroad and its branches. All citizens and descendants of citizens of Morgantown and Monongalia county in whatever country or clime, are specially invited; and all the world is welcome.

By order of the Committee.

JOHN J. BROWN, Pres't,

L. S. HOUGH, Sec'y.

The three districts nearest the town, Clinton, Union and Grant began making preparations to take an active part in the celebration.

In Clinton district the member of the General Committee, W. E. Watson, was an earnest worker in behalf of the Centennial, and a meeting was called, the proceedings of which we give as reported by the Secretary of the meeting:

According to previous arrangement quite a number of the

citizens of Clinton district convened at Clinton Mills, Aug. 29th for the purpose of making some arrangements for taking some part in the coming Centennial. On motion of J. A. Faulkner, J. C. Cartright was elected chairman, and Benson Jacobs Sec'y.

W. E. Watson, a member of the Central Committee was called for and made a nice little speech in the way of stating the object of the meeting. M. H. Steele, J. A. Faulkner and others made remarks. The following committee was appointed to make arrangements to take part in the coming Centennial at Morgantown, Oct. 28 and 29, 1885: Misses Ada Watson, Jennie McRa, Mary Arnett, Jennie Jolliffe, Mrs. Ezekiel Trickett and Mrs. V. C. King, Haymond Griggs, Ezekiel Trickett, M. L. Brown, James Jolliffe, James A. Faulkner, O. P. Jolliffe, E. L. Morgan, Thomas Steele, Charles E. Jolliffe, O. C. Johnson, J. Marshall Jacobs, James S. Watson, Granville Brown, Timothy Bennett, E. T. Holland, L. L. Hildebrand and Thos. P. Selby.

The duty of this committee is to hunt up all the old articles in the district, such as old pieces of machinery, old clothing, old kitchen ware, in fact anything that is over one hundred years old. This committee is requested to meet at Clinton school house on Saturday, September 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M., to consult and to make snch arrangements as they think best.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

BENSON JACOBS, Sec'y.

In Union District a meeting was called by George W. Laishley, member of the General Committee, and son of the highly esteemed divine, the Reverend Peter T. Laishley. Their proceedings were as follows:

At a meetiug held at Rude's Mill some time ago, the following committees were appointed in the interest of the Centennial celebration to be held at Morgantown Oct. 28th and 29th.

For Stewartstown—W. W. John, Chairman, Thomas Coalbank, W. S. Morris, Mrs. D. O'Grady, Mrs. E. StClair, Mrs. Cunningham and William Swindler.

Easton—Col. Snider, James Hare, Thomas Protzman, M. C. Courtney, Leonard Selby, Mrs. J. Reed, Mrs. Jonah Bayles, Sr., and Mrs R. C. Ross.

Laurel Iron Works—L. Warman, John Bowers, Sr., J. N. Baker, T. Goodwin, Mrs. C. Jennewine, Mrs. John Costolo, Mrs. B. Jenkins and John Adams.

It is hoped that the chairmen of the above committees will

call a meeting at an early day to organize and make any and all preparations necessary to make the Centennial celebration a success, so far as Union district is concerned.

W. S. Swindler, Chairman.

G. W. Laishley, Secretary.

The Hon. Henry L. Cox, the member of the General Committee for Grant district was not less active than his fellow members of Clinton and Union. At a meeting at Laurel Point, on August 11th, the following persons were appointed a committee for Grant district to co-operate with the General Committee on the Centennial Celebration:

Gentlemen:—Henry L. Cox, B. M. Jones. D. M. Camp, James E. Dent, Silas W. Fleming, S. C. Stewart, S. P. Barker, J. P. Snider, J. I. Hess, John B. Gray, David S. Morris and I. C. Rich.

Ladies:—Mrs. Eliza Linch, Mary Breakiron, E. N. Snider, M. A. Arnett, S. McElroy, Nancy Hare, Julia Barb, Amanda Snider, Samantha Conway, Belle Baker, Laura Cox, and Miss Lizzie Lough.

Thus was the work of organizing for a grand celebration fairly begun. Town and country were alive with enthuisiasm. Active preparations were on foot; and all was hope and expectancy, when certain matters transpired which blighted the hopes and dampened the ardor of its most earnest supporters and well nigh put and end to all preparations for the Centennial itself.

For some time it had been rumored that the railroad would not be completed by the time set for the celebration; and but few if any, really thought that it would not be in operation by that time.

The Chairman of the General Committee had written to the President of the Company for information in regard to the matter. An answer was received. The committee met at the office of its Secretary on Thursday evening, the 17th of September.

The Chairman presented the letter of Thomas M. King, Second Vice President of the B. & O. R. R. Co., and also President of the F. M. & P. R. R. Co., which was read by the Secretary as follows:

Baltimore, September 10th, 1885.

Mr. John J. Brown, Chairman Municipal Centennial Committee Morgantown.

Dear Sir:—I beg to acknowledge your favor of July 30, and have deferred answering the same hoping that I could, by wait-

ing until the present time give the assurance asked for, that our line would be completed and in running order in time for your celebration. I doubt very much whether the same can be accomplished by the time indicated as we will be delayed in getting the necessary rails for completion of tracklaying, and do not think that the road will be ready to open in time for the Centennial.

Yours Truly,

THOMAS M. KING,
2nd Vice President.

The Chairman then introduced the following resolution, which after being fully discussed was adopted by the committee:

Resolved, That in view of the foregoing information received by the General Committee of the Municipal Centennial, that the Fairmont, Morgantown and Pittsburg Railway will probably not be completed to Morgantown, on or before the time fixed for said Centennial Celebration, the General Committee deem it expedient to postpone said Celebration until the said Railway is completed to our town.

After adopting a motion that the *New Dominion* and the *Post*, and other newspapers having an interest in the Celebration, were requested to publish the proceedings of the meeting it adjourned.

Much dissatisfaction prevailed when the action of the Committee become known. But the Committee had not received the encouragement they should have received from the people of the town. Before this time they had appeared to take little interest in the work of the Committee, and evidently expected its members to do everything necessary to insure the success of the celebration without any demonstrations on the part of the citizens. But as soon as the postponement became known mutterings and disapprovals began to be heard on all sides. The young men especially freely expressed themselves in favor of re-organization, and of proceeding with the preparations for a grand celebration. A meeting was announced for Friday evening the 25th of September. At this meeting it was resolved to proceed with preparations for the celebration, and the meeting adjourned until the evening of the following Monday, when it convened in greater numbers and with more enthusiasm than ever and unanimously resolved to push the enterprise through, adopting the program prepared by the old committee as far as practicable.

Hon. J. M. Hagans was called to the chair and J. E. Fleming was elected Secretary.

At the meeting on Friday evening a committee composed of Ed. C. Protzman, J. E. Watts and Alf. K. Smith was appointed

to confer with the old committee and to solicit their assistance again in carrying out the original idea of holding a celebration on the hundredth birthday of Morgantown. The committee did its work well and received a hearty vote of thanks upon presenting its report which read as follows:

Mr. President: Your committee appointed to confer with the old committee report that we have met a majority of them and they express themselves as perfectly willing to clebrate the 29th of October as our municipal centennial; and will do all they can to make it a success.

In our investigations we find that quite a number who have been assigned work have their manuscripts prepared and ready for publication.

Also we learn in an interview with Hon. W. T. Willey that he will deliver an address on that grand and glorious occasion. Mr. W. T. W. Barbe also has his poem written, and we are reliably informed that it is one that will do honor to the occasion.

Now, Mr. President, after consulting so many of our worthy citizens upon the subject of celebrating, we would recommend that a committee be appointed whose duty it shall be to see that the programme as heretofore printed be carried out and that they have power to add anything that will, in their judgement, contribute to the success of the occasion.

Also that committees be appointed on finance, music, printing and decoration.

Respectfully Submited,

E. C. Protzman,
J. E. Watts,
A. K. Smith,
} Committee.

The report was adopted amid great applause and in pursuance of the recommodation of the report, the following general and other committees were announced by the chair.

General Committee of Arrangements.

Joseph Moreland, Chairman; Elias Ring, W. C. McGrew, T. Pickenpaugh, S. D. Hirschman, C. B. Dille, Geo. M. John and H. M. Morgan.

Committee on Program.

Dr. H. B. Bazier, F. H. St. Clair, Alf. K. Smith, J. E. Watts and Jos. Moreland.

Finance Committee.

J. M. Reed, J. S. Swindler, C. A. Hayes, James C. Wallace, L.

S. Hough, Miss Gertie Hayes, Miss Lucy Johnson and Miss Maud McVicker.

Committee on Music.

R. E. Fast, J. Nye Kiger, W. A. Mestrezat, Prof. D. B. Purinton, D. C. Hoffman, Lieut. Wilson, C. E. Hopkins and Ed. C. Protzman.

Committee on Printing.

N. N. Hoffman, J. E. Fleming, Charlie Shanks, Frank Cox and Geo. C. Hayes.

Committee on Decoration.

U. J. Sheets, Will S. Hitchens, J. M. Reed, Jas. E. Madera, Marcellus Carraco, Misses Callie Hagans, Jessie Coombs, Jennie Semans, Mary Dille, Nettie Nye and Bessie Finney.

Committee on Old Relics.

E. Shisler, Dr. J. P. Fitch, W. K. Hoffman, Samuel Pickenpaugh and Henry C. Baker.

The spirit of the meeting indicated that the work in every department would be prosecuted with vigor. It no longer left a doubt in the mind of any one that the celebration would be a success.

In the meantime, subscription papers had been circulated by Alf. K. Smith and James M. Reed and enough money was already subscribed to insure the success of the Finance Committee in raising the necessary amount.

At this meeting it was decided that all the exercises should take place on one day, Thursday, the 29th of October.

At a subsequent meeting of the Committee Edmund Shisler was appointed to take charge of the display of Fire-works and additional supplies were directed to be ordered.

The credit of securing the financial success of the celebration is largely due to the persistent energy and determination of Alf. K. Smith. At the time when the greatest despondency prevailed over the action of the first committee in postponing the celebration, he, not at all discouraged obtained within a few days subscriptions for more than half the money necessary to carry into effect the plans of the committee.

The young ladies appointed on the Finance Committee Misses Gertie Hayes, Lucy Johnson and Maud McVicker, deserve special mention. Their Committee held a Necktie Party and

Festival at Academy Hall, the net proceeds of which amounted to about seventy-five dollars, for the Centennial fund; and while the young gentlemen of this committee all displayed commendable zeal in their work, to these young ladies mainly, must be attributed the success of his enterprise.

Sources of the Centennial Fund.

W. Moorhead	$25.00.	T. Pickenpaugh	$25.00.
George C. Sturgiss	25.00.	Waitman T. Willey	25.00.
James C. Wallace	25.00.	William C. McGrew	10.00.
Edmund Shisler	10.00.	Frelinghuysen St. Clair	10.00.
James M. Reed	10.00.	George C. Hayes, & Co.,	5.00.
Waitman W. Houston	5.00.	S. D. Hirschman	5.00.
James P. Fitch	5.00.	William P. Willey	5.00.
Samuel Hitchens	5.00.	Gregg & Son	5.00.
A. P. Stewart	1.50.	George W. Debolt	2.50.
Henry C. Baker	2.50.	W. T. Kern	1.00.
J. Clarence McVicker	1.00.	Frank A. Shean	1.50.
Spencer S. Wade	5.00.	Henry M. Morgan	5.00.
William H. Bailey	5.00.	E. M. Marshall	5.00.
J. B. Haines, Jr.	5.00.	Elias Ring	5.00.
John A. Dille	5.00.	Luther S. Brock	5.00.
J. Marshall Hagans	5.00.	John H. Hoffman	5.00.
William Wagner	5.00.	John C. Wagner	5.00.
James Evans	10.00.	James P. Donley	5.00.
Joseph Moreland	5.00.	Richard E. Fast	5.00.
Henry B. Lazier	10.00.	Proceeds of badges sold	16.00.
Henry S. Hayes	5.00.	James M. Bell	2.00.
Clark McVicker	1.00.	Win Kiger	1.00.
A. Brown Boughner	1.00.	I. Scott Reed	2.50.
Samuel Hackney	1.00.	George C. Steele	1.00.
George C. Baker	1.00.	Thos E. Hodges	2.00.
Lewis Hagedorn	1.00.	L. J. Holland	2.00.
Walter P. Madera	.50.	E. C. Protzman	1.00.
Edwin Weidman	.50.	Mathew Harris	1.00.
George A. Lees	1.00.	J. N. Pickenpaugh	.50.
James Dawson	.75.	John D. Lewellen	75.
James S. Stewart	2.00.	Samuel Pickenpaugh	2.00.
Charles Merrifield	1.00.	Job S. Swindler	2.00.
U. Jerome Sheets	1.50.	Chauncey R. Huston	1.00.
Arthur M. Kramer	2.00.	Henry Fenton Rice	1.50.
Charles A. Madera,	1.50.	C. W. Dering	1.00.
Frederick A. Hennen	2.50.	E. W. Pennington	1.50.
J. E. Shay	1.00.	David H. Stine	1.00.
John B. Willey	2.00.	Manliff Hayes	3.00.
George W. McVicker,	2.00.	Haymond Griggs,	1.00.
"Jay Gould"	.50.	T. W. Anderson	1.00.
Net proceeds of festival	75.00.	Order from Council	100.00.
Total,			$554.00.

The Committee held its last meeting prior to the Centennial on the Monday evening preceding that event. The following extracts are made from the minutes of that meeting:

J. M. Reed reported over $400 in the hands of the Finance Committee besides the expense for decorations, which had been provided for.

The Chairman of the Committee on Music reported progress, and the services of several bands had been secured.

On motion it was ordered that the business men of the town be requested to close their places of business on the 29th between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock.

J. M. Reed, J. E. Fleming and Dr. Lazier were appointed a committee to confer with Lieut. J. L. Wilson and arrange for the part he was to take in the Centennial procession.

Geo. M. John and Job Swindler were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the conveyance of citizens over 70 years of age in the procession.

The Committee on Finance was directed to call upon the citizens of the town who had not subscribed to the Centennial fund and solicit subscriptions from them.

On motion it was ordered that Messrs. John and Swindler provide carriages to convey the Mayor and Councilmen of the town in the procession.

R. E. Fast was chosen to prepare a history of the Centennial and of its celebration, and to superintend the publication of the sketches and essays in book form.

E. Shisler and James M. Reed were appointed a sub-committee to audit all accounts made by order of the General Committee. These accounts were all promptly settled by this committee and paid by the Treasurer of the Finance Committee, Job S. Swinder.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the color which shall be indicative of the sentiment of the town in its municipal capacity in the future, shall be sky blue, emblematic of fidelity and truth.

Resolved, That the coat arms of the town of Morgantown shall be as follows: For the reverse, a medallion, on the outer face of which shall be the words "Morgantown, West Virginia, Condita A. D. 1785," surrounding the words "Centennial, Welcome 1885," and on the obverse the motto, "Vestigia Nulla Retrorsum, "and the legend "Regina Monongahelæ," on the outer face surrounding a figure of a queen with up-

lifted sceptre, with a river flowing at her feet, and the rising sun appearing over distant mountains in the east.

The above cuts represent the coat-of-arms adopted by the General Committee.

It is unique in design, and both motto and legend are suggestive of future progress and prosperity. As the years go by the appreciation of this elegant design will doubtless increase.

It was designed and drawn by Miss Lillie B. Hagans, and the motto and legend were suggested by her father, the Hon. John Marshall Hagans.

Preparations for decorating the town had begun a week before by the General and Special Centennial Committee on Decoration, &c, and the fair hands of our lovely women were

industriously engaged in deftly and artistically framing wreaths of evergreens and beautiful designs to decorate the arches to be erected at the intersection of our principal streets.

While these were at work, our citizens generally were bestirring themselves in procuring flags, banners, Chinese lanterns and other patriotic devices to appropriately adorn their houses and places of business.

Wednesday evening the street decorations were completed. Four large staffs were erected at the intersections of the main streets, and the approaches from bridges were also adorned in the same manner. From these were erected graceful archways, beautified with National colors and wreaths of evergreen.

The word "Welcome," in bold, large letters, greeted the invading hosts from the four points of the compass; and, with streaming and dancing colors gleefully tossing about in the October breezes and playing "hide go seek" from housetop, window and door way, the sight was indeed an enchanting one.

In addition to decorations made by the Committee many residences and places of business were tastefully adorned. Among the former might have been distinguished the residences of Mrs. Boughner, (whose lawn attracted much attention) Prof. I. C. White, L. S. Hough, Albert E. Lazier, John M. Hagans, Mrs. Jane Hagans, Mrs. Elizabeth Anderson, Dr. L. S. Brock, George C. Sturgiss, Job S. Swindler, N. N. Hoffman, Dr. W. C. Kelly, James P. Donley, Joseph Moreland, William C. McGrew, Ralph L. Berkshire, F. K. O'Kelly, Elza C. Lazier, Dr Henry B. Lazier and many others. Among the latter were the business houses of Thornton Pickenpaugh, G. W. John & Co., the Wallace House, the Commercial Hotel, W. C. McGrew, S. D. Hirschman, Elias Ring, Samuel Hitchens and Gregg & Son. The Court House, Female Seminary and Odd Fellows' Hall were also elegantly festooned and garlanded, and flags and banners were freely displayed.

During the early part of the week the weather had been fair and it was hoped that it would continue so until after the celebration. But on Wednesday afternoon the sky became overcast with clouds which threatened rain, and by evening a gentle rain had set in—which at intervals subsided for a while.

The advent of Rutter's Silver Cornet Band, Wednesday evening, from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, lent enthusiasm to the crowds of people that were gathering on the streets, and in the

evening that splendid musical organization rendered some of their choicest pieces in the Public Square.

The Grafton Band had been summoned by telegram only the evening before, and it was not until after night that they arrived.

Notwithstanding the lowering clouds and the intermittent rain, the crowd came. They came from every point of the compass. They came from neighboring towns and counties and from many different States. They came from every hill and valley of Monongalia county. They came who had not looked upon their native town for twenty or thirty years. The old man whose head had whitened and whose face had wrinkled with wasting years and whose every trace of boyhood had departed; whose family and relatives and even his acquaintances had quite all "passed over the river," came back to look upon the streets and stand in the shadow of the houses that were familiar to his boyhood, and perchance to trace in the countenances of the children about him some features that would recall the memory of the friends of other years. They came who, leaving us as boys, had grown into stalwart men, and who returned as children to a fond mother to receive her embrace. Our neighbors and friends of adjoining towns came in to renew old acquaintanceship, Monongalians whose faces are seen less frequently every year on our streets, were here. They are growing old, but the old patriotic fire flamed up on the Centennial anniversary. The young men and maidens, with all the flush and flame and flourish of youth, dashed in behind their foaming horses. From every nook and corner of the county they filed in and filled up the town; filled up the streets and the side walks, and the open stores and hotels and by-places, until the town swarmed with humanity from one end to the other. Everybody said what should we have done with the people if the railroad had been completed, or even if the weather had been fair. As it was there was not a bed unoccupied on that eventful Wednesday night. The hotels were crowded to overflowing, and our citizens displayed their hospitality by accommodating many with sleeping apartments. Visitors continued to arrive at intervals during the night. The spacious court room and the jury rooms were placed in charge of a special policeman, and opened to accommodate those who could find no better quarters. One elderly gentleman, somewhat past the prime of life, who arrived late, laid down on a bench in

the court room and slept soundly until morning. He declared it was the best night's rest he had enjoyed for years.

Nearly all night, at short intervals, the threatening clouds shed copious showers, and after midnight, when the Court House bell pealed forth the signal that the one hundredth anniversary had come, the fates still frowned upon us, and an insidious eastern wind was still driving angry clouds with drizzling rain upon the town.

At dawn of day, however, the elements subsided somewhat and the rain ceased, although the weather was still threatening.

From early morn until noon it did not rain, and the surging masses of humanity began to pour in. They came in wagons, in carriages, on horseback and on foot—"from the hilltops, the valleys and the plains." By ten o'clock it was estimated, by some, that there were from 4,000 to 5,000 people in town; and some even put the number as high as 6,000. Fairmont, Grafton, Uniontown, Mt. Morris, Kingwood and other neighboring towns sent in their delegations, and old citizens from the length and breadth of the land came home. From Virginia, the mother of States, and from Nebraska, one of the latest born, they came and more than welcome. Letters and telegrams of congratulation were received from every direction: and even from the far away Pacific slope—the land of the sun-set sea—the lightning's flash brought tokens of affectionate remembrance.

Invitations had been sent broadcast over the country to old Monongalians and others, to be present; in fact, the "whole world" was invited to come and participate in the joys of the day.

The street display on occasions of this kind is always one of the most important features. It is something to be seen, something to talk of afterwards and something that everybody can appreciate. The rains had made the streets quite muddy, but the procession proceeded nevertheless. The crowds and delegations were mustered into line by Chief Marshall McVicker, and observed the following order:

Rutter's Cornet Band.
The Mayor and Town Council in Open Carriages.
Masonic Delegation.
Martial Band.
State Cadets, under command of Lieutenant Wilson,
Artillery.

Morgantown Cornet Band.
Odd Fellows' Delegation.
Grafton Band.
Indians.
Citizens in Carriages and on Horseback.

The time occupied by the procession was something near an hour, but the throngs marched patiently and joyously on through the disagreeable streets.

THE ROUTE OF PROCESSION WAS

From Court House Square to head of High Street, out Boundary to Front, down Front to Foundry, up Foundry to High, up High to North Boundary, up North Boundary to Spruce, down Spruce to Pleasant, then down Pleasant to High, up High to Court House Square.

Masonic Delegations, Citizens over 70 years old, Ladies and Gentleman in Ancient Costumes and Morgantown Delegations formed in front of Court House.

The University Cadets and the Union District Delegations joined the procession on North Boundary street.

The Odd Fellows' Delegation formed at Odd Fellows' Hall and marched down Walnut street in time to join the procession on Front street.

Delegations from the West Side joined the procession at the west end of the suspension bride.

Clinton District Delegations and Indians on Horseback joined the procession at the lower end of Front street.

Morgan District Delegations and Masqueraders joined the procession at east end of Kirk alley, opposite Presbyterian church.

At about 11:30 o'clock the procession drew up in front of the speaker's stand on Court House Square, and was there reinforced by the crowds of men, women and children who had not been in the procession. The speaker's rostrum had been erected directly in front of, and connected with, the court house portico. The national colors and laurels and evergreens were woven gracefully about, while above the speaker's head was the motto of West Virginia, *Montani Semper Liberi*, while surrounding the speaker's stand, after similar pattern and design was the motto

of the old mother State, *Sic Semper Tyrannis.*

Joseph Moreland, Chairman of the General Committee, called the vast multitude to order and proposed the name of Col. James Evans as Chairman of the meeting. Col. Evans was unanimously elected and at once assumed the duties of his office. The organization was completed by the election of the following Vice-Chairmen: Zackwell Morgan, F. A. Dering, James M. Kern, Thornton Hurry, R. L. Berkshire, George Kiger, B. M. Dorsey, James A. Hawthorne, Albert Madera, D. G. Thompson, W. A. Watts, E. Shisler, M. R. Chalfant, James H. Rogers, W. Wagner, H. D. McGeorge, Geo. W. Johnson, Manliff Hayes, H. B. Lazier, John Protzman, Dr. J. A. McLane, Sanford Pickenpangh, J. M. Hagans, G. R. C. Allen and D. H. Chadwick.

THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME

was delivered by Prof. W. P. Willey, of the University, and was one of his happiest efforts. It was full of allusions that "touched the crowd in tender places," and the crowd responded with many expressions of approval. Mr. Willey did not write his address, and spoke without notes. The following is a substantial report of his speech:

Fellow Citizens of Morgantown and of Monongalia:

After looking into the faces of this vast assemblage I am warranted in saying that this is peculiarly a "family reunion."

I see here the faces of Monongalians, who have been; who are yet; and Monongalians who will continue to be—may be till the next Centennial anniversary.

The great-grand-children of the founders of this town, with their children, and childrens' children are here to-day to celebrate its one hundredth anniversary.

About three generations have stood between you and the forefathers. No man's life in all this multitude, reaches back to the initial point of our municipal existence.

One hundred years is a long reach of municipal history, fellow citizens, and a great many changes have taken place both in our population and in our town itself. "The same heavens are indeed over our heads," and the same beautiful Monongahela rolls at your feet, but all else is changed.

These grand old hills around us have been bereft of their forest trees. The sturdy oak and the walnut and the chestnut have been supplanted by the fruit tree and the orchard. The horse and the ox graze where the wild beast roamed at will.

The Indian's canoe has been superseded on our river by the beautiful steamer. His wigwam has been displaced by the capacious and somewhat elegant mansion. The log school-house has been over shadowed by the magnificent buildings of the State Uuiversity. And all around us are the evidences of a modern and somewhat progressive civilization.

It will not be out of place, in view of the occasion, if we indulge the disposition to "point with pride" somewhat to-day.

We do not boast specially of our growth in population and wealth—the fact is, we shall purposely avoid bringing forward any statistics on this head—statistics are for the most part dull and uninteresting. We have not grown in population as some other younger towns and cities; but we point with pride to-day to the fact that old Morgantown is the cradle in which has been rocked many of the influential and representative men of other communities in almost every state of the Union. You can find them wherever you go. And when you do find an old citizen of Morgantown, and wherever you find him, there are two things he is almost certain to mention—the first is that he is a native of old Morgantown; and the second, that he would like to get back to the dear old place!

From the time when the pioneer first erected a cabin on this little peninsula where the town now sits, there has ever been a deep and tender attachment manifested by the population to the place. The Red Man himself made a bitter fight for the ownership. After he had built his camp-fire and hunted his game over these hills and valleys, floated his canoe over the smiling waters, quenched his thirst from its sparkling springs, and taken a view of the grand sweep of landscape up and down this beautiful valley, methinks he sharpened his knife and strengthened his bow in the deep resolve to resist the pale-faced invader who should dare attempt to divest him of his title. And the tragic scenes that are a part of the history of that early time are proof that he made good the resolve.

Neither do we boast, as I have said, of our growth in wealth. We have not built any grand public edifices, or manufactories, or railroads, and our business enterprises have been modest and unpretentious. The fact is that the ambition of our population has never run much to the possession of the almighty dollar.

History tells us of an ancient city that was suddenly overwhelmed by the eruption of a mighty volcano. Its houses, its

people and its every spire were suddenly covered out of sight by the burning lava and ashes of this terrible eruption. Explorers have recently dug down into the streets and dwellings of that city and found its inhabitants fixed or petrified, so to speak, in the positions and attitudes in which they had been so suddenly surprised—the mechanic with his tools, the housewife at her domestic duties and other classes of the population in the midst of their vocations. We have thus obtained a strange revelation of the manner in which the people of that ancient city were employed.

I have thought that if such an event should have happened to Morgantown at any time within the last one hundred years, the explorer would have found our population occupied with two principal employments. He would certainly have discovered first, that all the youth of the community were gathered together in the schools under their teachers receiving proper discipline and education. From its earliest history our community has given a first consideration to the education of the young. The second chief occupation might probably have appeared to be that of enjoying a "square meal"—for we have ever been famous for a "bountiful board," and our wives and daughters for their skill in providing a palatable meal. And around the bountiful board, too, would have been found the guest, the stranger, the friend and relative, enjoying with the family the social life and hospitality which has ever characterized our people. The latch-string of our first log cabin is said to have hung on the outside, and our modern architecture has not been able to abolish that custom.

But above and beyond the matter of increase in population there is one thing to which we do point with pride in this connection: It may not be immodest for us to say that we are proud, if not of the number, of the quality of the men who have made the history of our town.

Our neighbors are accustomed to say of us that they "always know a citizen of Morgantown on sight." Nor is the distinguishing quality in the cut of his coat or his peculiar gait. The peculiar test or measure of manhood that he has obtained among us, may have something to do with it. And probably that test is radically different from that which is applied in any other part of the State.

If you go down to the antipodal part of our State—to Charles-

ton, the present Capital of West Virginia—they will want to know your politics. They will hunt up your political antecedents until they learn how you have cast your votes since you reached your majority; how you vote now, and with what ring you are supposed to affiliate. They will estimate you entirely from a political standpoint.

If you come farther up into the State, to the city of Parkersburg, they will want to know who your grandfather was—who are your cousins and your uncles and your aunts—and they will trace up your entire pedigree. They will estimate you from a family standpoint.

If you come still farther up into the State, to the city of Wheeling, they will immediately want to know what is your standing in bank; they will demand to know the exact amount for which your check will be honored; they will size your pile. They will estimate you from a financial standpoint.

Now when you have traveled to the other antipodal point of the State, to old Morgantown, and have walked from the beginning to the head of Main street, there will not be a man, woman or child along the way who will not already have asked: What does he know? What does he stand for as a man? How does he round up intellectually, morally, physically?

This is the measure of manhood which Morgantown has been wont to apply to its citizens. And we are proud, to-day, of the men who have lived among us and whose names stand as familiar landmarks all along the line of our history. If there is one thing more than another that we desire to honor on this anniversary occasion it is the memory of these men.

We are proud of these old family names so familiar to us—the Morgans, the Jarretts, the Rogerses, the Rays, the Maderas, the McLanes, the Evanses, the Hayeses, the Laziers, the Chadwicks, the Hanways, the Lowrys, the Derings, the Gays, the Kigers, the Pickenpaughs, the Haganses, the Dorseys, the Wilsons, the Allens, the Shislers, the Hennens, and many other names that have become household words with our people.

Mr. Willey closed by extending a warm welcome to the citizens of Monongalia who had come in to join in the festivities of the anniversary of their county seat; to the old citizen who had left his first love to seek his fortune in other lands, and was now back to honor his old home; and to the stranger who had dropped in to share the hospitality and make merry with the

people of the old town. Three cheers were then given by the crowd for the Centennial of Morgantown.

At the close of Mr. Willey's address, the meeting adjourned until 1:30 o'clock P. M., when it was announced that Mr. W. T. W. Barbe would deliver a Poem and Hon. W. T. Willey would deliver an Address.

At 1:30 P. M. the crowd reassembled, at the ringing of the court house bell, in even greater numbers than in the morning. Court House Square was one great living mass. The Grafton band opened up with one of its most successful performances. Then the Chairman introduced Mr. W. T. W. Barbe, who had written for the occasion

THE CENTENNIAL POEM,

and had written it well. The sentiment of the promising young poet's song touched a responsive chord in the hearts of all Morgantown and Monongalia people. Its ideas rekindled the old love that only Morgantown people are capable of bearing for their native place and their childhood home. It recounts the virtues of our fore-fathers as they come down through the decades of the century just closed. It brings us to realize that "these hearth-stone shrines are worth all the world beside." It is so appropriate to the occasion that it will be highly prized by all whose fondest recollections cluster around the old familiar scenes they love so well.

SONG OF A CENTURY.

The highest aim of every Islamite
Is once to stand upon the holy site
Of Allah's chosen prophet's birth, and there,
At Mecca's shrine, send up his praise and prayer;
This done,
Whatever winds may blow, high Heaven's won.
So we, like Moslems good and true of heart,
Have journeyed forth from every port and part
To this, our Mecca, dear as Islam's pride.
And hearth-stone shrines worth all the world beside—
Shrines builded through the restless, shifting years,
And some are decked with flowers and some with tears!

Here, too, we learn to hew at life's hard wood;
The chips were small and none could call them good—
The tree so stubborn stood!
Here many hands have left their lines unhewn,

The Master Workman paid them off too soon,
Long 'ere the sun of life declared high noon;
While others, bent with dealing blow on blow,
Worked on and watched the ghostly shadows grow
Athwart the drear and driven winter snow,
Until the evening bell so soft and low,
Said they might go;
That they were paid in purest gold, we know.
Their rounded lines were pillars, strong as oak,
Until the mace of Time, with giant stroke
Sent home the blow
That laid them low.
Then the newer timbers, wrought in newer style,
Filled up the void and served their little while,
And so the town, well pillared old and new,
Has stood the frosts and all the ill winds through,
The order's now Composite, quite; and not
A timber stands to-day of that first lot!
A traitor he who says that they are forgot!

But who shall speak for them who silent lie
Beneath the blush of this October sky?
They reck not how we sing to-day, nor why,
In yonder sacred-shrined and shafted grove
Asleep are those whose hearth-stone name was Love—
I speak for them!
Upon these folded hills with gentle sweep
Is holy dust, for which we weep and weep;
Know thou, "He giveth His beloved sleep"—
I speak for them!
In yonder king of lands, the uncrowned West,
Are some who loved this old town first and best;
So mute and cold are they in deepest rest—
I speak for them!
With sword and cap and gloves upon their biers
Were laid to rest brave men in those dread years—
But hush! the glory theirs and ours the tears—
I speak for them,
I speak for them!

But *why* should aught be said for the armored dead?
And *why* disturb the peace of their narrow bed?
One shot of theirs outworthed all that I've said;

Their songs were writ with sword and seething lead!
I cannot speak for them!
What can I say for the sleepers in the West?
Their spirits now, I trow, at Love's behest,
Are gathered here; if not, then let them rest—
I cannot speak for them!
And one short life of all that rest to-day
So still hemmed in by cold, unfeeling clay,
Was nobler far than this my artless lay—
I cannot speak for them,
I cannot speak for them!

What have we left of those whose strong right hand
Felled low the leaf-crowned monarchs of the land?
We peer in vain, with hands above our brow,
Adown the way with hundred mile-stones now,
Nor catch a gleam of that far-flashing steel
Whose edge the great tree hearts were made to feel;
But just as he, who watches from afar
The axe-man dealing sturdy strokes that jar
The very hills, can hear the final blow,
When he no longer sees the gleam and glow—
So we, from this high-rising hill of time,
Look o'er to when these men were in their prime,
And hear the echo of their blows roll on,
Though woodman, axe and forest all are gone.

What guerdon had these men for all their toil?
For all their wounds, where was the wine and oil?
The larger world to them was all unknown,
But know that smaller world was *all their own!*
They drank a richer wine than Moorish king
E'er quaffed to dark eyed maid 'mid wassail ring;
They drank the breeze that filtered through and through
The poplar boughs, from Heaven's distant blue.
True men, so brave of heart and strong of hand!
Made of the sterner stuff, and Heaven's own brand!
I cannot find their graves, unmarked so long—
No flower or stone;
I only sing a halting, weak-voiced song,
Backward blown.

With all thy wealth of years and laughing skies
A city still thou art of lesser size,

But large enough for hearts as bold and brave
As ever thrust a sword or filled a grave!
Hemmed in by hills and by yon wayward stream,
A city only in thy larger dream,
But wide enough for lives as pure and strong
As ever worshiped Right or battled Wrong!
Without the city's sheen and blinding glare,
Thou still art wondrous fair and debonair,
And bright enough for eyes as soft and deep
As ever vanquished man or robbed his sleep!
And vast enough, art thou, for sorrow's blight
To test its length and breadth and depth and height!
And large enough for many myrtled graves,
For many dear, though sad and ghostly graves.
Thou art not even known to those whose eyes
See nought unless its towers pierce the skies,
But thou art famed enough for Love and Fear
And Life and Death to find a pathway here;
And Sorrow comes this way and drops a tear;
Peace found thee out, Learning has known thee long,
And thou hast flirted oft with Art and Song.
All these are here to-day and shall abide—
They ne'er depart;
And still next festal-day they'll crowd thy side
And fill thy heart!

How like that wondrous plant of a wondrous clime,
The Century Plant, that takes its time with Time
And strikes its roots and lifts its leaves in blind
Content a hundred years, before the wind
Has scent of bud or breath of blooming flower,
Art thou, old town, in this auspicious hour!
Beside the vagrant river,
Whose waters, all aquiver,
Sport down the distant hills, they planted thee—
The strong and steady-handed, planted thee;
And hedged about from storm by these fair hills
Thy growth was "sure as grinding of God's mills."
And now at last the flowers burst
And spread their petals all athirst
To drink the tears of joy that freely fall,
While God, we trust, is bending over all,

And yet, Oh, yet! that wondrous aloe blooms
But once and dies; decays like flesh in tombs!
The symbol here is lost; I pray, I pray,
That thou, old town, may'st bloom for aye and aye!

This tell-tale river has whispered to thee
As it shambled along adown to the sea—
Has whispered and murmured and sung unto thee,
As it bickered carelessly on to the sea—
Of its head-water frolicks and its leaps in the air,
And the races it run with the mountain sprites there,
And showed thee the tokens of love that it bore—
Keepsakes and pledges from the hearts on the shore.
And thou, in thy turn, has cast on its breast
Greeting of love to the welcoming West.
And now old stream, that cut thy channel long
Before the sachem's shout and twanging thong
Were heard the lonely mountain side along,
Speed thee! and this our sacred message bear
To every list'ning bank thy waters wear—
Above the "Smoky City's" commune wails,
Into the ear of the spreading "City of Nails,"
Sing out thy song;
Unto the feet of the haughty "Queen of the West"
Bear it along,
Until e'en to the "Crescent" thou hast pressed
And flung thy charge upon the ebbing tide
Of the restless sea, so wondrous wild and wide!
And this thy greeting be:
Say that (I beg of thee)
Beside the New Dominion's fairest stream
A sister town is waking from her dream;
That, though she's just a hundred years to-day,
Her heart's as young as the winsome heart of May,
Her feet keep time to the merriest roundelay,
And her tresses wear no streakings of the gray.
Say, too, that from the South there beams a main
The bow of promise, long years sought in vain—
An *iron* bow, as in tales of old
That round the Yule-log oft and oft were told,
We hope to find some day the pot of gold
That at the hither foot is always rolled—

Some treasure-trove above the Golden Fleece
That Jason bore from Colchis unto Greece!

And thou, old *Alma Mater*, dear to me,
One boon, one single boon, I ask of thee;
The larger years are wheeling into place,
When all the nations stand as face to face,
And great is he who wins a single race!
Raise up some seer, some prophet poet soul,
Before another hundred years shall roll
In mist away—
Some master mind full ripe to honor thee
In the Century Song of the City that's to be
In the coming day!

At the close of Mr. Barbe's poem S. Z. T. Martin's singing class, composed of the following vocalists, rendered in good style the song, "Freedom's Banner," viz: Misses Lottie and Mary Dunnaway, Lavara Bixler, Cora and Alice Martin, and Messrs. Jos. W. Bixler, Clark Price, W. Z. T. and J. Lee Martin.

Then came the Historial Address by Ex-Senator Waitman T. Willey.

It was, as every one knew it would be, worthy of the orator and the occasion. Unassuming and without flash or flourish the venerable ex-Senator epitomized the history of the town and held the attention of his hearers although they had to stand in the chilling rain during nearly half of the address. He closed with a high and worthy tribute to the exceptional educational advantages and standing of the town. It was indeed an oratorical feast. Below is the address in full.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

It has been made my duty, on the present occasion, to present a sketch of the history of Morgantown. But so many of the proper subjects of that history have been assigned to others, that little remains for me to consider. A very brief and general outline, therefore is all I have to offer.

The first white men who ever trod the soil on which our village stands were Thomas Decker and a few associates, who came here with him, in 1758. He "pitched his camp," it is believed, on the bank of the river, just above the mouth of the creek, which, thenceforth, was to bear the name of this adventurous pioneer. The tragic result of this first effort to establish a civilized home

in the upper valley of the Monongahela, is familiar to all who are conversant with the annals of Indian warfare. Decker and all his companions, excepting one, were killed by the Indians in the spring of 1759.

The next adventurer was David Morgan. He came here in 1768, nine years after the massacre of Decker. There is no evidence how long he remained. The tradition is probably correct, that he went still higher up the river; for we find that on the 26th of December, 1681, there was surveyed for David Morgan, assignee of John Masterson, 361 acres of land, at the mouth of the West Fork, including said Masterson's settlement made thereon in 1774. The tradition, that Zackquill Morgan, the original proprietor of the site of Morgantown, came here with the said David in 1768, or soon afterwards, is also probably true. It appears from the surveyor's books of Monongalia county, that on the 29th day of April, 1781, there was "surveyed for Zackquill Morgan, assignee of Isaac Lemasters, 220 acres of land in Monongalia county, on Decker's creek and the Monongahela river, including his settlement made thereon in 1772.' 'As these 220 acres included the site where Morgantown now stands, it may be interesting to state the boundaries of the whole tract. They are as follows: "Beginning at a Black oak corner to Michael Carns and James Cochran, and running thence along Cochran's line N. 86 W. 56 poles to a large black oak by a path; S. 35 W. 68 poles to a black oak near said path; S. 69 W. 84 poles to a black oak; S. 80 W. 48 poles to a spanish oak and sugar tree on the river bank; thence crossing the river, S. 57½ W. 164 poles to a W. O.; S. 2 W. 82 poles to a hickory and sassafras; S. 52 E. 26 poles to two elms on the river; thence down it N. 31½ E. 136 poles; S. 83 E. crossing the river to a large sycamore on the bank of the river, on the lower side of the mouth of Decker's creek; thence up the same 174 poles to the mouth of a branch falling down a steep rock on the northeast side of the creek, below the said Carns' new mill house, and corner to Michael Carns, and running thence with his lines N. 18 E. 16 poles to a W. O. on a point; S. 95 E. 30 poles to a W. O.; N. 32 E. 170 poles to a black oak on the south side of a hill, the beginning." Thus it seems that Isaac Lemasters settled on the site of Morgantown in 1772, four years prior to the Declaration of Independence by the United States. That Zackquill Morgan was here before the date of his survey aforesaid, is certain; for

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it appears from the records of the commissioners for adjusting claims to unpatented lands that he was before them on the 4th day of May 1780; and their certificate of that date, recites the fact that he was then the assignee of Lemasters. How long he had been an assignee, does not appear—probably several years. Nor is it at all improbable, that by virtue of this assignment, he came into the actual possession of the premises shortly after 1772, and, thenceforth, continued in the occupancy thereof. For Michael Carns (Kerns) who made his settlement on contiguous lands in 1772, and who had never left them, and had built a mill thereon, and made other improvements, never procured a survey of his lands, until the 27th day of April, 1781. The fact is, these surveys were made at the same time, the boundaries of each calling for the boundaries of the other. Why were surveys not sooner made? The answer is obvious. The war of the Revolution was raging. The public affairs were in disorder. These, and other similar claimants had to wait the enactment of the necessary laws, and the appointment and presence of proper officers and agents to adjust and perfect the titles.

In May 1783 an act of the Legislature of Virginia was passed, authorizing the justices of Monongalia county to hold the courts of said county, at the house of Zackquill Morgan. This act does not state where this house was—whether in the foregoing, or some other tract of land. The surveyor's books show that on the 29th day of April, 1781, (the same date of Morgan's survey), there was surveyed for James Cochran, assignee of Zackquill Morgan, assignee of James Stockwell, 151 acres of land on the Monongahela river, immediately below and adjoining said Morgan's, Decker's creek tract, and bounded by it, all around on the north of it to the lands of Michael Carns (Kerns). It is possible, but not very probable, that "the house of Zackquill Morgan was on this land. It is reasonably certain, however, that it stood somewhere within the present boundaries of the borough of Morgantown. This original "county seat" was of humble dimensions; but its jurisdiction was wide enough; for Monongalia county then embraced fully one-fifth of the entire territory of West Virginia.

And now we come to the Centennial act of the Legislature of West Virginia, establishing Morgan's Town. It was passed in October 1785; but on what day of the month has not been ascertained. This act vested fifty acres of land, the property of

Zackquill Morgan, lying in Monongalia county, without boundaries, or other designation of locality, in Samuel Hanway, John Evans, David Scott, Michael Kerns and James Dougherty trustees. I shall not detain you with a recital of its various provisions. One of them, however, may be mentioned, as showing the ideas of village architecture prevailing 100 years ago. Each purchaser of a lot was required to erect upon it, within four years, a house, at least 18 feet square, with a stone or brick chimney. But it seems that the lot holders were not able to build even such houses as these within the time prescribed; for, in 1788, the time was extended three years, in consequence of "Indian hostilities," and again in 1792, "from the difficulty of procuring material." We have the authority of the late J. W. Thompson, that as late as 1790, there were only four houses built in Morgantown.

If the art of photography had been then discovered, and Morgantown, as it then was, had been imaged by the unerring sunbeams, what an interesting picture we should have. We may not be able to say, exactly, how it would appear; but we may pretty well imagine its appearance. We should see less than half a dozen of log cabins. We should see a narrow zig-zag road or path passing through it, north and south, with lateral connections, crossing the river to the West, and leading up Decker's creek to the East,—no streets, no alleys, the unfelled trees still standing around the borders, and the stumps of trees yet remaining in the fields and gardens; the hills, all around, covered with forests almost unbroken; the startled wild deer, on the distant height, peering through the brushwood, down upon these new intruders upon its ancient heritage. And then, there were, what no art can transfer to card or canvass, the nightly howl of the wolf, and the occasional scream of the panther echoing through the surrounding valleys; and, sometimes, the fresh foot prints of the Western savage, arresting the hunter in his chase, and sending him home to give the alarm.

And the court day of that period—who shall describe it? Within 75 feet of where I am now standing, in a small frame building, erected soon after 1785, the justices composing the court, were wont to assemble. Little, I imagine, did they bother themselves with the learning in Coke upon Littleton, or the subtleties of Fearne on Contingent Remainders and Executory Devises, or Hale's Pleas of the Crown. Without plea or precedent, they sought the ends of justice by the simple process of

common sense; and I am not sure they were not as successful in finding them, as some more elaborate tribunals, making higher pretensions. It is to be regretted that the record of their proceedings was destroyed by fire in 1796. And yonder, over the hills, and down the streams, by every winding pathway, came the hardy pioneers, from stocked forts, and widely separated cabins, clad in homespun hunting shirts, short breeches and leggings, tanned deer-skin moccasins, and fox-skin caps—some on horseback, more on foot—generally carrying with them the trusted rifled-gun with flint lock, which they seldom left behind them, whether they were coming to court, in the camp, or in the cornfield—with faces bronzed by constant exposure to storm and sunshine—stalwart sinewy men—of indomitable courage and patient of toil and struggles—uncorrupted by the luxuries of wealth—uncontaminated by the vices of courtiers or cabinets—if somewhat rude in manners, and uncultured, yet breathing the very spirit of freedom and personal independence—the vanguard of American civilization heralding the march of "Empire," as it "westward takes its way."

Safe as we now are, in our comfortable homes, supplied with all the absolute necessaries of life, and possessed of the multiplied blessings, which the progress of the 16th century has brought in such profusion to our doors, the present generation can hardly appreciate the privations and perils encountered and conquered by those heroic pioneers, to provide for us the rich inheritance of peace, plenty and security which we now enjoy. I have in my possession extracts from manuscript letters, written by one who helped to raise corn in a field where we are now assembled, 102 years ago. They contain a graphic description of the scenes and sorrows common in those early days. They are too long to read now. I will append them to my address and you can peruse them at your leisure. They must greatly enhance your sense of obligation to the father who subdued the wilderness once covering those hills and valleys. *(See note a.)*

It is an erroneous, if not impious, impression prevailing among some persons, that these pioneers were wholly uncivilized, and little better than the savages, whom they supplanted. Among them came men of considerable culture and refinement. Besides, they all had that practical education which is derived from actual contact with society, and inspired and developed by active participation in the affairs of life, and by the pressure of

surrounding dangers and difficulties, the necessities of their condition. Nor were they without the ordinances of the Christian religion, or the presence of a Christian ministry. Bishop Asbury, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was in Morgantown in July 1785, preaching and baptising. He was here, also, in 1786; and again in 1788, when he was assisted in his ministrations by a Presbyterian clergyman.

I must pass rapidly over the subsequent municipal history of the town. It may be found in our statute books. It must suffice to say, that in 1810, the trustees of the town were made elective by the freeholders. Subsequent legislation in 1816 and 1822 vested the power in the trustees to levy taxes for certain purposes and within certain limitations. In 1824 the trustees procured a survey and plats to be made of lots, streets, alleys, public buildings, and had the same entered of record in the clerk's office of the county. In 1838 the number of trustees was increased to seven, with increased powers and jurisdiction. In 1860 "The Borough of Morgantown" was incorporated, and the boundaries defined by law. In 1885 these were enlarged by the voters at an election held for the purpose.

Situated away from any leading thoroughfare of trade or travel, the growth of Morgantown in population and industrial enterprises has been slow. Since the completion of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Wheeling, it has been stationary. Prior to 1860, we have no record of its population. By the census of that year the number of its inhabitants was 749; in 1870, 787; in 1880, 745. In later years the tendency has been to purchase and build upon lots in the suburbs. And so the census of 1880 shows the number of inhabitants in these suburbs to be as follows: In Durbannah, 127; in Hoffman's addition, 86; in Sallytown, 67; and in West Morgantown, 86; making with the inhabitants in the actual limits of the borough, a total population of 1076.

Nothing is more creditable to our little town than its educational history. It has long been noted for its excellent schools. Its interest and efforts in the promotion of education commenced nearly with its origin and have continued and augmented ever since. The limitations of the hour will not permit more than a chronological catalogue of its various educational enterprises.

An academy was incorporated here in 1814 by the name of "The Monongalia Academy." It was built on the site of the

residence now owned and occupied by Thomas R. Evans.

In 1828, the grounds now belonging to our present excellent free school were purchased by the academy, and a new building erected thereon, which was afterward enlarged by it to its present dimentions. Thenceforth it grew in usefulness and reputation until at last under the efficient administrations of the late Rev. J. R. Moore it rose to a rank surpassed by few institutions of a similar grade, attracting to its halls pupils from more than a dozen States.

In 1831, a female seminary was projected; and with the aid and co-operation of the Monongalia Academy, a lot was purchased and a small building erected where Henry S. Hayes, Esq., lives. To this building a dwelling for the principal of the institution with increased school accomodations, was subsequently added. In 1849, this school was incorporated by the name of "The Morgantown Female Collegiate Institute." In 1852 its property was sold and a new and more eligible site selected at the corner of High and Foundry streets on which a new building was erected, which was subsequently greatly enlarged; and in 1869 the whole of this property was sold to Mrs. Moore, the present proprietor who has ever since maintained there a school of the highest character.

In 1858 "Woodburn Seminary," was incorporated, the corporators having the elegant residence and beautiful grounds of the late Thomas P. Ray for the use of the seminary. Large additions were made to the original building; and a flourishing school was established under the superintendency and control of Mr. Moore, the former distinguished principal of the "Monongalia Academy." After his death, this fine property, in 1866, was purchased by the trustees of the "Monongalia Academy," and together with all its other property, both real and personal, freely transferred to the State of West Virginia to constitute the foundation of the West Virginia Agricultural College, organized in 1867, which, by appropriate legislation, has since become the West Virginia University—the educational center of the State. The school buildings and grounds of the "Monongalia Academy" were purchased by the Board of Education of Morgantown Independent school district for the use of its free school, than which, outside of Wheeling, there is none superior in the State.

Thus our male schools have passed out of our local manage-

ment and direction, into the control of the State. Should our interest in them, therefore, relax? By no means. Let them still have the hearty sympathy and cordial support of the town and the county. These being given without stint or reservation, and the enlightened and liberal patronage of the State still extended to them, we may reasonably hope that our second Centennial shall find the surrounding picturesque localities of our young University crowned with many more imposing academic edifices, whose halls shall be filled with hundreds of the youth of this and the surrounding States, without distinction of race, sex or previous condition.

It is the deeds and character of men which make the history of towns, as well as States. And so, the poet has inquired and answered:

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements, labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No:—men, high minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes, endued,
In forest, brake or den
As beasts exceed cold rock and brambles rude;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain,
Prevent the long aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chain—
These constitute a state.

Morgantown has furnished a creditable quota to the ranks of men not without high reputation in church and State and in the fields of science; and if that duty had not been imposed on others, it would have been to me a grateful task to enumerate its sons and daughters, who have distinguished themselves less or more in the various departments of life.

And now we come to stand on the line dividing two centuries. We have presented a rapid and imperfect retrospect of the past 100 years. Who shall forecast the results of the 100 years to come? Our progress as a town, has not been remarkable; yet what a contrast there is between our conditions in 1785 and

1885! And we shall be judged by the scriptural rule, that our responsibilities are to be measured by our opportunities, the present and coming generations have need to bestir themselves. In 1785 Morgantown was nearly on the line marking the western boundary of the inhabited portion of the United States. Now it is hundreds of miles east of the center of population. The vision of the poet has been realized:

I see the living tide roll on.
It crowns with fiery towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard's "Land of flowers."
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers
From eastern rock to sunset wave,
The continent is ours.

Then the total number of inhabitants in the United States did not exceed three millions; now it is 55 millions. Then we were just emerging from the wreck and desolation of the long and bloody "War of Independence," thirteen isolated and impoverished States having hardly found a place on the map of nations; now we are recognized among the first powers of the world. Then our experiment of popular government was a problem; now it is demonstrated fact; and the principles of civil and religious liberty, enunciated by our fathers, have modified and ameliorated, in no small degree, the social and political condition of the human race. Then the prodigious forces of steam were still hidden among the secret treasures of nature; now the slow and toilsome processes of handicraft in a thous and departments of human industry have been superseded by the swift and resistless enginery of this mighty factor of mechanical production: the tardy voyages of the sailing vessel struggling for months against wind and tide, have been displaced by the rapid transit of the ocean steamer plowing its course through wave and tempest, from London to New York, in 8 or 10 days. Then there was not a mile of railroad in the world; now there are more than one hundred thousand miles in the United States. Now, measuring distance by the time taken to travel over it we are nearer Europe than we were then to Richmond, the capital of the State. Then a newspaper in the family was a fact of rare occurrence, and the news it furnished, whether domestic or foreign, was several months old before it

reached the reader; now we read in the morning papers a synopsis of the principal events happening the day before, not only on this continent, but all over Europe and in large parts of Asia and Africa. Then there were few schools anywhere, and none at all in Morgantown; now we have at our doors every facility of education, from the primary department of the free school to the last and highest degree in the University. I will not further pursue the contrast. Time would fail us to count all the superior advantages which the sciences, arts, literature and civilization of the last 100 years have bestowed upon the present generation.

I must still further pause, however, to note the fact that in a few short months we shall feel the throbbings of one of those great arteries of internal communication which have done so much to develop the resources of all countries where they exist. The long wished for railroad is at our doors. We welcome its advent. And yet, to us, there comes with it some regrets. The venerable homogeneity of our society will be broken. Our old time hospitality and our earliest family-like social relations will be marred. Heretefore, in consequence of our isolated situation, cutting us off from easy intercourse with the wide world around us, we have been somewhat in the condition of the ship's company crossing the seas. We have been compelled into closer personal relations, begetting friendships all the more intense, because thus limited and concentrated. But with the railroad the stranger will intrude upon us and the influx of new outside influences, social, moral and material, will less or more modify the existing conditions of society. Among these we may hope to see established in our midst new industries and an increase of enterprise in all of our pursuits. But we may as well disabuse ourselves at once of the delusion possessing some of us that a railroad is all we want. We shall want the energy and enterprise to make available the opportunities which it will afford. To the farming interests of any country through which they pass, railroads must always be beneficial; but, to inland towns like ours, they are of little value excepting the conveniences of ingress and egress, unless capital can be attracted by them and invested in profitable industries. This is what makes inland towns prosperous: they cannot prosper without it. In this respect I believe Morgantown to be most favorably situated. At the head of slackwater navigation, with a well equip-

ped railway passing through it, making direct and easy communication with two of the greatest lines of trade and travel in the United States, and located in the center of one of the richest mineral districts in the whole country, it ought to prosper.

And now, fellow citizens with nothing to regret in the retrospect of the past, with much to be grateful for in the enjoyment of the present and with better hopes for the future, let our motto be "Excelsior."

NOTE A.—[Extracts from a letter written by William Haymond, of Palatine, to Luther Haymond, of Clarksburg, on the 18th of February, 1842:]

"I was born near Rockville, Montgomery county, Maryland, in 1771.

"In the year 1773 my father moved to this county. It is strongly impressed on my mind that we stopped in the Forks of Cheat river at or near Rogers' Fort.

"The next I recollect our family was living in the Monongahela glades near Decker's creek. As soon as the war broke out we had to leave the place and the whole family went to Kearn's Fort opposite where Morgantown now stands. My father then had eight negroes. We planted and raised corn on the ground where Morgantown now stands.

"This was a Stockaded Fort. At one time I think there was a company of soldiers there. While living there Coburn's Fort about two miles this side of Kearn's Fort was burnt by the Indians. I was at it when on fire. How it happened that I was suffered to go I cannot tell.

"Miller and Woodfin were killed on Miller's place three miles from Kearn's Fort while we were there. They were brought into the Fort on poles having their feet and hands tied and the pole running between them. I remember this perfectly.

"While living in Kearn's Fort we had the small pox in the natural way—all the family except my father, who had had it. Two children I think were all that died then with that disease, however, my father lost either six or seven of his negroes there. It was said they were poisoned.

"While living in this Fort we boys would go out on what was called the Hogback near the Fort to hunt ramps. We used the bow and arrow and were very good in shooting them.

"Once while standing in the yard some one shot up an arrow straight: it fell and struck through the wrist of either Colonel

John Evans or one of the Wilsons: it was hard to draw out. This is all the accident I recollect happening while we lived in the Fort.

"We moved from the Fort, what time I cannot say, went about two or three miles below town on the land of John Johnson, and for a time on the land of William Joseph. While living out on these farms, we were often called up in the night and moved off a mile or two to some house for safety.

"During what was called the hard winter, the snow was very deep, we lived in a large old house on Johnson's land—it had two doors. I remember we would draw logs in the house with our horse "Prince" and roll them back on the fire. We had a number of deer skins hung around the house to keep the wind off.

"In those days we wore short breeches and leggings, what else I do not recollect. How we lived I have only an indistinct recollection. I remember once when brother John and myself went to Ruble's Mills in Pennsylvania. Some one there gave us each a piece of light bread spread with butter. This I thought such a great feast that I have it in my mind to this day.

"While we were living on Joseph's land the Indians killed Madison the Surveyor of all this county. Hanway was then appointed.

"While living here Albert Gallatin and Savoy were at my father's to see something about land.

"The Surveyor's office was kept at A. M. Pierpoint's about two miles from where we lived.

"While we were living on Joseph's land David Morgan killed the two Indians. They sent my father a piece of tanned Indian skin for a strap.

"I was with my father at the rope works making cords to make a hoppose. He was preparing to go into the Revolutionary army and had got ready, when news came that peace was made.

"They had a great rejoicing meeting on the occasion at Morgantown.

"Harrison county was formed out of Monongalia in 1784. My father was appointed surveyor.

"Thomas Laidley and McNeely had brought a stove to Morgantown.

"My father bought a bear-skin coat, as he had to go to Williamsburgh to be examined. The morning before he started,

Laidley, and Menes, his storekeeper, came to our house with, I believe, 20 half-Joes, in all $200 in gold, to send to Richmond to buy land warrants. I remember hearing my father say he was afraid to wear said coat for fear people would think he was proud.

"In the fall of 1784 the entire family moved to Clarksburg."

Note B.—Both to show that our fathers were not heathenish and to contrast our present religious advantages with the difficulties and privations which surrounded them nearly a century ago, here is an extract or two from the letters of a Methodist itinerant preacher, Rev. Henry Smith, who "rode the circuit" embracing Morgantown, in the year 1793.

"I met my first appointment at Joseph Bennett's, about 15 miles above Clarksburg, on the fourth Sunday in June. The people came to this meeting from four to five miles around; for we had a good society here, and among them Joseph Chiveront, quite a respectable local preacher. They were all backwoods people, and came to meeting in backwood style—all on foot; a considerable congregation. I looked around and saw one old man who had shoes on his feet. The preacher (Chiveront) wore Indian moccasins; every man, woman and child besides, were barefooted. The old women had on what we then called short gowns; and the rest had neither short nor long gowns. This was a novel sight to me for a Sunday congregation. * * * * * * * I did my best and soon found if there were no shoes and fine dresses in the congregation, there were attentive hearers and feeling hearts, for the melting power of the Lord came down upon us, and we felt the great Head of the church was in the midst of us."

On the Christmas following the preacher was at Morgantown; and of this occasion he writes:

"On Christmas morning we had a meeting at five o'clock in a private house, and we had a full house. The novelty of the thing brought out some of the most respectable people of the town, and we had a very solemn and interesting meeting. We preached in the court house at 11 o'clock; for we had no meeting house, neither was there any place of worship in the town. We had but one half finished log meeting house in the whole circuit. We labored hard and suffered not a little, and crossed deep waters, having the Monongahela to cross seven times every round, and few ferries. * * * * * * *

Our lodgings were often uncomfortable. I was invited to have

an appointment at a brother's house one night. After the people were gone I found that there was but one small bed in the house. When bed time came the good woman took her bed and spread it crossways before a fine log fire, and I was requested to lie down on one end; and it answered very well for me, the man and his wife and two children."

A few minutes before Mr. Willey closed his remarks, the rain came pattering down, and umbrellas were hoisted. The crowd began to waver a little, but he hurried through his oration, which concluded the afternoon's exercises.

Hon. E. G. Brooke, who was an attentive listener on the platform, proposed three cheers at the close, which were given with a hearty good will.

The continued rain seemed to dampen the ardor of some, and the streets were soon filled with wagons and horses—taking home the great throng of people who lived near town.

The bands continued to enliven the occasion by rendering some choice music on the streets.

Rain continued, at intervals, all the evening. The bands sought shelter under awnings, and gave choice music, while men, women and children paraded the streets under umbrellas.

The beautiful decorations throughout the town were marred almost beyond recognition by the rain. Chinese lanterns wilted and fell to the pavements with the traditional "dull thud;" flags hung drearily from windows and housetops, and even the evergreens put on a sad look.

Had the night been favorable, there would have been a beautiful illumination on all the principal streets, as our people had prepared for a fine display.

Red and blue fire was burned, at intervals, in front of Ring's Clothing House; at E. C. Lazier's residence; in front of Chadwick's store; at S. Grove Chadwick's and near G. W. John's store, which helped to keep the people in good humor.

Finally, at about 8 o'clock, a beautiful display of fire-works took place in the Public Square. It was a matter of deep regret that our friends from the country could not stay to witness the exhibition. But the cold rain drove hundreds home who had intended to remain until a later hour in order to witness the pyrotechnic display.

Rockets, squibs, Roman candles and some beautiful "set pieces," representing patriotic scenes, were given in the Public

Square, and those who witnessed the display were well pleased.

There never was a more sober or sedate crowd of the same number of people brought together. Throughout the day it was universally remarked that not an example of drunkenness was to be seen on the streets. After night there were a very few instances in which young men appeared under the influence of intoxicants. The plea of the ladies of Morgantown for a celebration without the use of intoxicating liquors was respected. Moreover, there was not a fight, or a broil, or any disorder to mar the good-fellowship of the occasion. If there was any criticism upon the conduct of the crowd, it would be that there was even less hilarity than was to be expected from so large a crowd on such an occasion. Probably the weather had something to do with it, and probably it was that still-water kind of sentiment that runs deep. There was a cordial geniality that pervaded the atmosphere—even if the clouds were wet—that ran through the entire concourse of friends and acquaintances. Hand-shaking and recounting old reminiscences were the order of the day.

At a late hour at night the people quietly dispersed, and Morgantown's Centennial Day was over.

The following notes and comments are from the local papers:

It is impossible to give the names of the hundreds of old Monongalians who were present on the 29th to participate in the festivities and renew old acquaintances. The crowd was too great to find out the names of scores of "old veterans" who were here.

It was a matter of great pleasure, however, to see on the platform such old pioneers as Zackwell Morgan, who now lives in Pittsburg—among the last surviving members of the old Morgan family. He is hale and hearty at 72, and bids fair to live several years yet. The town bears the name of his grandfather, who settled here over one hundred years ago.

Hon. E. G. Brooke, who had been absent for a third of a century, and who came from his home in far-off Montana—3,000 miles away—was cordially greeted, as was Mr. Morgan, by a host of old friends; and scores of people, who had heard of them but had never seen them, crowded about and heartily shook their hands.

Brice Powers, with his friend and neighbor Michael Smell, of Muncie, Indiana, came all the way from the "Hoosier State" to

greet old friends—the former who had been absent from his old home in Monongalia for 62 years, and the latter for half a century. They received quite an ovation.

Then there was Henry Howell, a brother of 'Squire John Howell, of this county, who left here 20 years ago, and is now located in Kansas.

Bush W. Scott, a schoolmate of our early days at old Monongalia Academy, (now a resident of Anderson, Indiana,) was also here and was warmly welcomed by his many friends.

But, we cannot further enumerate for want of space. Suffice it to say that one and all were received with open arms, and a perfect "love feast" reigned throughout the entire day.

Among others who were so cordially received by their old friends in town Thursday were Frank M. Chalfant, of Weston—a "Monongalia boy to the manor born," and as true as steel in his love for his old mother county; uncle John Carney, of Fairmont—another "true Virginian," who always has a warm spot in his heart for anything and everything in old Monongalia; Amos S. Bowlby, of Uniontown, Pa.; Dr. and R. B. Fogle, of Preston county; Thornton Hurry, of Elizabeth, Pa., an "old soldier" of early days who dearly loves the old scenes of his childhood; and scores of others who failed to call at our office and pay their respects—consequently, it is impossible to remember their names.

But we must not fail to mention Joseph H. Powell, the oldest printer in the State, and a man who has given much of his time (in prose and poetry,) in portraying the riches and greatness of West Virginia.

The election of Col. James Evans Chairman, was an honor worthily conferred.

Visiting delegations from the West Side appreciated the "no toll" arrangement.

There were never as many people in Morgantown at one time before in all its history.

The University and the public schools suspended operations on account of the great day.

A hundred guns were fired by the University artillery—fifty in the morning and fifty in the evening.

The City Fathers looked the very embodiment of dignity and wisdom.

Ed Shisler, Esq.,* deserves great credit for the energy with

which he superintended the fire works, in spite, as one may say, in the very teeth, of the rain.

G. W. John & Co.'s advertising wagon was variously commented on. This much, at least, may be said: It was a success artistically and mechanically.

The I. O. O. F. delegations fully deserved all the praise they elecited—and it was not a little. Charley Martin, Esq., of Laurel Point, headed the delegation with their artistic banner.

Some of the pieces in the display of fireworks were very good; viz: The revolving wheels, fiery serpents, &c., and notwithstanding the disagreeable night the streets were full of interested spectators.

The Indians, with their war-paint and paraphernalia of war, attracted much attention. They rode in the procession with all the gloomy grandeur of their forefathers a hundred years ago.

"Monongalia! the age of the Republic numbers thy years! Monongalia, mother county of northern West Virginia! five generations sleep in thy cemeteries, and thousands of loving hearts, the Great Republic over, cherish thee fondly as the land of their birth and the home of their fathers."—*Wiley's History.*

It is very doubtful if any other citizen of West Virginia is able to attract an equal amount of attention and esteem with the venerable Senator Willey. He is beyond question "the noblest Roman of them all."

The University cadet corps covered itself with glory—and mud. It is one of the best drilled companies in the country and marched with all the exactness and attention to every detail which characterizes the West Pointers.

If the sun had been shining and the cars had been running where could we have put all the people? As it was, fifty men slept in the court house Wednesday night, and every hotel and boarding-house was full to overflowing.

Dr. W. C. Kelly, who was chairman of the Committee on Decorations had the street decorations taken down on Monday morning. The Doctor and his committee deserve credit for the energy and taste displayed by them. They seem to have been the right persons in the right place.

The following telegram was received by Chairman Evans a few moments after the meeting had adjourned:

PORTLAND, Oregon, Oct. 29.

Col. James Evans:—"The great-grand-son sends greetings to

the grand-son of the first trustee of Morgantown on this Centennial Day." DUDLEY EVANS.

To the labor, energy and enterprise of the ladies and gentlemen composing the following committees was the success of the Centennial due:

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAMME.

Dr. H. B. Lazier, F. R. St. Clair, A. K. Smith and Joseph Moreland.

ON FINANCE.

J. M. Reed, J. S. Swindler, C. A. Hayes, J. C. Wallace, Clark McVicker, and Misses Gertie Hayes, Maud McVicker and Lucy Johnson.

ON MUSIC.

R. E. Fast, J. Nye Kiger, Charles Hopkins, Ed C. Protzman and D. B. Purinton.

ON PRINTING.

N. N. Hoffman, J. E. Fleming, Charles Shanks, George C. Hayes and Frank Cox.

ON DECORATION.

Dr. W. C. Kelley, U. J. Sheets, John G. Samsel, M. H. Carraco, and Misses Callie Hagans, Jennie Semans and Bessie Finney.

ON GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.

Joseph Moreland, Elias Ring, W. C. McGrew, George M. John, C. B. Dille and J. M. Hagans.

ON FIREWORKS.

E. Shisler, John B. Willey, Dr. S. S. Wade, Richard Laishley and John W. Lazier.

ON MISCELLANEOUS BUSINESS.

Mrs. L. R. Coogle, and Misses Mary Chandler, Carrie Dawson, Mary Semans, Lula Pickenpaugh, Flora Fast, Jennie Staggers, Hattie Cooper, Bessie Wallace, Cora Donley, Maggie Donley, Dora Dorsey, Myrtle Dorsey, Nettie Carraco, Nellie Ankeny, Lou Baker, Sallie Wells, Emma Coombs, Blanche Anderson, Fannie Lazier, Lizzie Moreland, Olie Lawhead, Katie Hogue, Carrie Manear, May Lawhead, Gay Lawhead, Hattie Pride, Allie Pride, and Messrs. Sam Pickenpaugh, Milt Hirschman, Coll Murphy, Harry Murphy, Frank Vandervort, Marion Dawson, Elmer Jacobs, Charles Dering, Arthur Lazier, Henry Lazier, George Haymond, Harry Pride, Will Morgan, William Hogue,

George A. Lees, R. E. McKinley, Thomas Martin, George Robinson and George Porter.

ON AUDITING COMMITTEE.

J. M. Hagans, J. M. Reed, and E. Shisler.

One of the most commendable features of the celebration was the lunch tables provided by the ladies of the town. By this means thousands of cups of steaming coffee took the place of so many cups of beer. Pies, sandwiches and other eatables were served at cheap prices and at various places in town, thereby accommodating a great many who could not otherwise have found anything to eat during the day; for the houses, public and private, were filled the day before. All honor to the ladies' forethought!

THE OLD RELICS.

Many old relics were brought in and deposited in the Court House—some of them over 300 years old.

A fine display of ancient relics was made by Miss Drusilla Ann Morgan (the only surviving sister of Zackwell Morgan). Miss Morgan resides with her brother-in-iaw, H. D. McGeorge, in this place, and is the youngest living grand-daughter of Col. Zackwell Morgan for whom Morgantown was named.

The relics were deposited in the Court House during all the day of Thursday, and were greatly sought after by those who like to look at "things used in olden times." There was a small set of China cups and saucers, beautifully ornamented by hand-painting; also, a cream pitcher and three wine glasses. These articles are 120 years old, or more, and were once owned by Mrs. Anna Madera, wife of Christian Madera, who left them to Miss Morgan at her (Mrs. Madera's) death in 1838. They were brought to this country from Germany.

A beautiful, large, fine, linen table cloth, made by hand (woven) from spun flax, by Barbara Barlay, was also on exhibition. It was brought from Reading, Pa., by Mrs. Madera when she came to Morgantown nearly a hundred years ago. It is 125 years old, or more.

A coffee-mill—the first one ever brought to Morgantown, was also exhibited by Miss Morgan, and she informs us that it was such a great curiosity that nearly every family in town, at that day borrowed it to grind their coffee. The mode of "grinding" coffee in those days was by pounding it in a mortar.

A exquisit set of silver teaspoons, almost worn as thin as

writing paper, was also in Miss Morgan's collection, which used to belong to the Madera family and had been handed down. All the above articles were gifts to Miss Morgan by her grandmother Madera.

There were also exhibited copies of a General History (in German), printed in 1689, belonging to the Kussart family of Taylortown. They were in charge of Matthew Larkin. Also, a "Martin Luther Bible," of 1761.

William Scholes exhibited a pair of brass candlesticks, brought to America in 1780; one sugar bowl; English "Squire;" Washington picture in frame, &c., &c.

J. F. Weaver exhibited a square (wooden, tri-square) over 100 years old.

F. A. Dering's exhibit consisted of four pieces of old China; a half-sheet of *Monongalia Gazette*, &c.

Two pewter dishes, 150 years old or more, were shown by Dr. Jos. A. McLane.

Miss Mary Aiken's collection consisted of a catechism of 1764; a comforter 110 years old, made by Mary Tingle.

A pair of shears over 100 years old that belong to the Thompson family, was an object of interest, and a cow-bell made by Abram Guseman in 1785, was gazed at with wonder.

A sword bayonet, found on the Everly brothers' bottom farm, was placed on exhibition by S. Z. T. Martin.

An ancient spinning-wheel was especially noticeable. It belongs to Mrs. John D. Robinson, but we could not get its history.

LETTERS OF REGRET, &C.

STANLEYVILLE, OHIO, Oct. 16.

Editors Post:—Permit me to acknowledge to the Centennial Committee through your paper, the kind invitation to be present on the 20th to enjoy the celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the founding of the "Queen of the Monongahela." I regret my inability to be present, but I regard the object worthy the best efforts of all the citizens of the county. I expect to see a full account of it in the *Post*. It is always a welcome visitor to my room and is regarded as highly as a letter from home. Yours, T. I. McRA.

WESTON, ILL., Oct. 20.—Your invitation to be present at your Centennial is at hand. I regret very much that it is impossible for me to be present. Nevertheless, I hope you will have

pleasant weather and a general good time, for I am aware when old Monongalia tries she can make things howl! Yours with much respect, &c. S. A. McCartney.

Mesopotamia, Ohio, Oct. 27.

Dear Post and Centennial Committee:—Not until this late hour did I but think that I could be with you at the Centennial. I cannot come as I expected. We thank you very kindly for your kind invitation, hoping many old friends may be with you and that you may have a pleasant time—never to be forgotten. I will think of you all on the 28th, hoping to be remembered by all friends, as they all have my kindest wishes. I ever think of my dear old home, the place which I am bound to with many tender ties, and the place of my childhood days. No vast prairies or pleasant surroundings will ever make me forget the old "sweet home." Lida M. Wilcox.

Fayetteville, Ark., Oct. 7th.

Editors Post:—The kind invitation of the Centennial Committee to be present at the exercises of your coming Centennial celebration is received. I assure you that nothing would give me more pleasure than to be present on the 29th inst. and witness the interesting exercises of that day; and were respite from other engagements possible, neither time nor distance should keep me away. Wishing you a pleasant and propitious anniversary occasion, I am respectfully yours,

Geo. D. Purinton.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 20.—Many thanks to your Centennial committee and the people of my native county, whom you represent, for an invitation to be present at your Centennial celebration.

Though I have been absent for more than twenty years, I have always felt a lively interest in the welfare and progress of the people of magnificent old Monongalia. All these years I have been interested in every forward step they have taken. For a long time I have regarded them as in the very vanguard of progress in many ways—especially in education. With those who still remain I regretted the want of railroad facilities, and I think very few of the sons born within the county's borders, whether residing on the native heath or helping to build up

elsewhere, rejoiced more than I, when one or more railroads through the county became a fixed fact. I regret that your first railroad, now so nearly completed, will not be finished to the good and ancient "Borough of Morgantown," in time to carry hither the many thousands who would be glad to avail themselves of this modern triumphal car of progress to ride in to the gem city of the beautiful Monongahela; and still more do I regret that engagements in a neighboring State, which cannot be postponed, will prevent me from being present on the memorable 29th. Still, in spirit I will rejoice with all good people of town and county in the prosperity and progress of the past hundred years, and still more at the prospective advancements within the next ten years. Thanking you again for kindly remembering one of the children, who has been so long absent, I am yours, very truly, J. M. Heck.

Penryn, California, Oct. 21.

Dear Post:—I desire to express my appreciation of, and return thanks for, the kind invitation received from Centennial Committee to be present at the celebration, Oct. 29th; and I tell you what I am sorry to say, I am "Over the Hills and so Far Away," that I cannot be there on that glorious day. Yours,

L. M. Protzman.

Minneapolis, Minn., Oct. 24.

H. M. Morgan, Esq.—Dear Sir:—Enclosed please find twenty-five dollars, which mother and myself wish to contribute towards the Centennial fund. We wish you a most happy time and are only too sorry that we cannot be present.

Yours truly, E. W. Wilson.

HISTORICAL
AND
BIOGRAPHICAL
Papers, Sketches and Essays.

FURNISHED FOR THE CENTENNIAL HISTORY OF

MORGANTOWN.

Its Physicians, Past and Present, Diseases Incident to its Locality, Climate, Modes of Living, Want of Proper Sanitary Regulations Past and Present, Suggestions to be made in the near Future, to Lessen the Cause of Disease and Promote the Health of its Citizens. By DR. JOSEPH A. McLANE.

As directed by the Centennial Committee, the undersigned has recalled to mind such facts in relation to the medical history of the town of Morgantown, as opportunity has offered him. It should be stated in the outset that the materials for medical biography are not very abundant, and that much that I here record is of traditional character.

Among the first physicians who practiced in this vicinity, I would name Dr. Thomas Hersey. This gentleman, I was informed by an old soldier of the war 1812, accompanied, as surgeon, the military force sent from Monongalia county to the Western department at Fort Meigs. He was described as a man of versatile turn, and not only popular as a physician, but for that day, was a preacher of the gospel of considerable ability. Before our soldiers left for the frontier he and Rev. Joseph A. Shackelford delivered ministerial addresses for their spiritual benefit. Whether Dr. Hersey lived to return, or any further items of history, I have been unable to ascertain.

Not long after the date referred to there came to our borough, Dr. Thomas Bond. He, it is reported, had been a citizen of Phil-

adelphia and bore the character of a physician in good standing. It seems from what I could learn concerning him that he had become interested in land in this part of Virginia and remained in Morgantown as the agent of a company organized by capitalists in Philadelphia.

In the old Pennsylvania Hopital there was a fine painting, representing Howard, the Philanthropist, visiting the inmates of a prison. This painting, I was told by an old physician, had been presented to the Hospital by Dr. Thomas Bond. Dr. Bond did not live to return to his native city, but died here and was buried under the old Presbyterian church. On erecting the new church it became necessary to remove Dr. Bond's remains to a new grave. Scarcely more than a few handfuls of dust remained.

Dr. Enos Daugherty, an eastern Virginian, came to Morgantown about the beginning of the present century. He and Dr. Wells were the only regular physicians in practice here for a number of years. Dr. Daniel Marchant also engaged in the practice of his profession for a short time in Morgantown.

A few years previous to the death of Dr. Daugherty, Dr. Charles McLane removed to Morgantown from Connellsville, Pa. From data in my possession it was in the year 1823 that my father arrived. Drs. Daugherty and McLane were the only physicians in regular practice here for several years. Dr. Charles McLane was born in Tyrone county, Ireland, and emigrated with his parents, Alan and Elizabeth McLane and his brother William, to America in the year 1805. He studied medicine in Lancaster, attended lectures in the University of Pennsylvania, and received his degree at the Pennsylvania Medical College. He died in 1878 in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Dr. Thomas Laidley recently deceased, who for many years practiced extensively in Carmichaels, was one of his earlier students.

Dr. Colostian Billingsley, who afterward practiced in co-partnership with him, studied in his office. Among the students who received medical instruction from him, I may name Dr. J. A. McLane, Dr. Isaac Scott and the late Dr. Hugh W. Brock, Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the West Virginia University, and whose loss we deplore.

The next physician to settle in our borough was Dr. B. R. C. O'Kelly. Dr. O'Kelly was born in Ireland and educated for the priesthood. If my memory serves me, he told me that he re-

ceived his education in Toom College, Ireland. After studying medicine in Eastern Virginia he married a Miss Massie and removed to Morgantown. After the birth of two children, a son and daughter, his wife died. He subsequently married a daughter of the late Fielding Kiger, by whom he had several sons. He and his second wife both died in this place. Being a man of delicate constitution, it was only by the greatest care for years that he was enabled to practice his profession. For many years he lived an exemplary member of the Methodist Protestant church and died in that communion.

Dr. S. T. Taylor, from Eastern Maryland, settled in Morgantown in 1833 or '34, and after remaining a year or so returned to the region of country from which he came.

Shortly after Dr. Taylor left, Dr. Oliver Morgan, who had been practicing in Waynesburg, Greene county, Pa., removed to this place and entered into partnership with Dr. Charles McLane. He remained here several years, but being offered better prospects in the West, he removed to Rockport, Indiana.

The next physician who came from abroad to make his home with us was Dr. Watson Carr. Dr. Carr came from Winchester, Va., and after practicing alone for some time associated with Dr. Lacey, and after their dissolution, he took as partner, Dr. Gyer, of Winchester, Va. After remaining here for a couple of years Dr. G. returned to Eastern Virginia.

It should be stated that previous to the arrival of Dr. W. Carr, a young physician by the name of Dr. Charles Waldon, a native of Eastern Virginia, and a student of Dr. B. R. C. O'Kelly, practiced in our town with Dr. O'Kelly. He afterward married a daughter of Rev. Jos. A. Shackelford and removed to Missouri.

A young physician, Dr. Joseph Edson, from Eastern Virginia, on visiting Morgantown, united in partnership with Dr. Carr, and continued to practice with him until his last sickness and death extending probably to some three years in practice.

During the year 1848 Dr. A. J. Bowman, of Clarksville, Pa., came to Morgantown and began to practice his profession. He continued in practice until the date of his last sickness and death, which occured in 1859.

Dr. Luther S. Brock, who read medicine with his brother, and was for some years his partner in business, graduated at Jefferson Medical College in 1874. Dr. B. is still in business and as-

sociated in co-partnership with Dr. Spencer S. Wade. Dr. Wade read medicine with Dr. Brock, and graduated in 1884 at Jefferson Medical College.

Dr. C. H. McLane, who read medicine with his father, entered the volunteer service of U. S.—served during the war, and subsequently graduated at Columbus, Ohio. After practicing here a short time he removed to Steubenville, Ohio, where he still is engaged in his profession. Dr. Wm. L. McLane, another son, and also a student of Dr. J. A. McLane, after reading medicine with his father, attended lectures and graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Baltimore. At present he is engaged in medical practice in Fairview, W. Va.

Dr. Bowman, before referred to, united in co-partnership with Dr. H. N. Mackey in 1852. Dr. H. N. Mackey, a native of Fayette county, Penna., and a graduate of Jefferson Medical College, as above stated, settled in Morgantown in 1852, and after dissolution of partnership with Dr. Bowman he opened an office by himself and continues in practice at this date.

In the list of medical practitioners I should not omit to name that of Dr. Thomas Brooke, who at an early day, came to Morgantown and established an office. Dr. Brooke came from Allegheny county, Maryland, and after practicing in this place, purchased a farm and resided on it until his death. His son, Dr. Benjamin, studied medicine with Dr. W. Carr, and after practicing in this county, removed to Montana. Another son, Hon. E. G. Brooke, of Montana, will doubtless be remembered by his numerous friends and relations in this vicinity.

In the year 1859 Dr. Samuel Kelly removed from Mount Pleasant, Penna., to this place and continued to follow his profession until 1862, when he entered the military service at Grafton, at which place he died before the close of the war. His son Dr. Charles Kelly, after graduating at the University of New York, continues to practice in Morgantown.

Dr. Thomas H. Price, a student of the late Dr. Brock, practiced medicine in Morgantown several years, and subsequently removed to Bridesburg, Philadelphia, where he resides at this date. He attended and graduated at Jefferson Medical College.

Dr. J. P. Fitch studied medicine with Dr. Mackey, and graduated in Belview Medical College in 1881. After practicing with Dr. M. he opened an office by himself, and continues to practice his profession at this date.

Of those practicing other systems of medicine, in Morgan-

town, I would name Rev. Dr. Hunter, as having been the first to introduce the homœopathic system.

Subsequently Dr. A. C. Miller, who had attended the Homœopathic College, Philadelphia, established himself here and practiced for several years. He afterward removed to the West, and his present residence is to the writer unknown.

Subsequently Dr. M. L. Casselberry removed from Eastern Pennsylvania to Morgantown. He graduated in the Homœopathic College, of Philadelphia in 1853, and has been practicing some years in co-partnership with Dr. E. H. Coombs.

Dr. Coombs, after studying medicine here and graduating in the Philadelphia Homœopathic College in 1860, entered into co-partnership with Dr. Casselberry, as above stated, and continues to practice with him at this date.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The borough of Morgantownis situated on the eastern bank of the Monongahela river, below its confluence with the Decker, and is in latitude 39 deg. 37 min. and 57 sec. North. Longitude 2 deg. 39 min. and 30 sec. West. It is pleasantly situated upon the elevated terraces of the river, at a height of from fifty to one hundred feet above high water mark.

The facilities for sewerage are ample and perhaps unsurpassed by any other town in the State.

Of this point the authorities of the place have not been unmindful, and a number of stone culverts as well as tiled drains have been built to conduct any offensive sewage to the river.

Some of these drains have been in use for fifty years, and seem at this date to be in a perfect state of preservation.

SANITARY CONDITION.

The health of our town will compare favorably with any other town of its size in the State.

Those diseases of malarial origin are here almost entirely unknown. Such cases of intermittent fever, as have been treated by our physicians, may be said to be exclusively of distant origin, and have come here from those paludal districts, where (in their proper seasons) that unwelcome disease is known to be endemic. Pure air, good water and wholesome food are desiderata of greatest importance to the public health. As in all places in this latitude, Morgantown and the neighboring country have not been entirely free from epidemic influence.

From information in my possession I have learned that the

first general epidemic was that of dysentery, which spread generally over this part of the State in 1822. It was followed by another epidemic of the same disease some 20 years subsequently.

During the fall of 1838 the scarlet fever became sufficiently prevalent to acquire the character of an epidemic in certain districts. Its attacks were confined almost exclusively to infancy and early childhood, and not as that which had visited Connellsville and some other points extending to those in adult life.

Enteric fever (typhoid) has occasionally existed in sporadic form in our community, but not in the form of an epidemic since 1853.

During the year 1851 a number of severe cases occurred, but in 1853, as above stated, it became very general.

Since the last date, with the exception of pulmonary diseases such as pneumonia, pleurisy, etc., (generally arising from carelessness in dress and exposure to those vicissitudes incident to our climate) the general health has been good.

The town depends upon wells for its supply of water for drinking and culinary purposes. Good water is usually reached at from twenty to thirty feet, and when once struck, appears to be abundant and permanent.

Beneath the town that rock stratum, known as the Mahoning sand stone, is spread and is a perfect protection from any inroads that otherwise high water from either the Decker or Monongahela might produce.

Its Practical Jokes and Jokers; Its Thrice Told Tales; Legends, Ghost Stories, Exaggerations, Doings and Sayings, Marvelous and Incredible; Its Fun, Wit, Humor, &c.

By JOSEPH MORELAND, ESQ.

It is said that "the great cities of the world mark the progress of mankind in arts, commerce and civilization, and form a sort of index to the rise and fall of material greatness." I know not why the same may not be said of towns and even of villages.

The village expands into a town and by growth becomes a city. The great cities of the world had their beginnings in towns or villages. When the historian comes to write of the great city he not unfrequently finds its beginning totally obscured and fancy weaves a fable to take the place of facts. Yet nothing would be more interesting to the reader than a true history of those early events and nothing so much sought after by the historian. May we not hope that in the preparation of these sketches we are contributing a mite at least to the future historian of Morgantown when she shall be of sufficient importance to take rank among the cities of the world. As the future historian of Morgantown passes over his field of observation and notes in detail the events that go to make up the history, its thrice told tales will be of the very *res gestæ.* Its legends, ghost stories, exaggerations; doings and sayings, marvelous and incredible, will furnish beauty and adornment, and its jokes, its fun, its wit and its humor will give pith and point to the whole.

All will go toward making a true picture of the manners, customs, habits, tastes and peculiarities of those who peopled the city in the days of its infancy.

With the hope, then, that Morgantown will some time become a great city, and that these fragments, though inconsiderable, may some day furnish a more considerable historian pabulum for a more considerable history, let us gather its thrice told tales, its legends, ghost stories, exaggerations, doings and sayings marvelous and incredible, its practical jokes, its fun, wit and humor; and endeavor to effect their preservation.

THE ECKERLEYS.

Going back to the very earliest period of which we have any account, we fall upon the thrice-told tale of Dr. Thomas Eckerly and two brothers, who were the first white men who ever set foot in this region. One hundred and thirty years ago they came, and were destroyed by the savages before they had definitely determined where they would locate. They belonged to a sect called Tunkards, or Dunkards. They went abroad in imitation of the founder of their Christian faith, with the right hand of fellowship extended and giving the kiss of charity to all. They annointed the sick with oil, and depended upon this unction and their prayers for their recovery. They were known as "the harmless people," but a people who commended celibacy as a virtue; who discouraged marriage; who refused to fight, or take oaths or go to law: were not the material with which to plant a colony among fierce savages. They camped in southwestern Pennsylvania on the waters of a stream which they called Dunkard, in honor of the sect to which they belonged, and thence they removed across Monongalia territory to the place since called Dunkard Bottom, on Cheat river, where they met their sad fate. They were utterly destroyed in one night by Indians.

The historian of Monongalia county observes that "as the Eckerlys ascended the stream upon which they had camped their gaze must have fallen upon the vast forest region of Monongalia. Such a rigion they foresaw possessed too many advantages to remain unsettled, and as they sought solitude they turned back. Strange explorers were they indeed to turn away from a country because it was too inviting. Yet such were the Eckerlys, the first white men who ever trod on the soil of Monongalia." And the same historian observes further that the first discoverers of Monongalia county were the first white settlers murdered

by Indians west of the Alleghenies, of which there is not any account.

THOMAS DECKER.

Another thrice-told tale relates to the sad fate of an historic person at the hands of savage Indians about five years later. One whose name attaches to the creek, which, taking its rise among the rocks and crags of our grand old mountains, comes first "creeping and sweeping" then "roaring and pouring" along its picturesque course until passing at the very threshold of our homes, when, as if tamed by the influence of our civilization, with calm and dignified mien, it mingles its pure waters with those of the placid Monongahela. The story of Thomas Decker and his terrible fate are eloquently told by Hon. John J. Brown in his Centennial oration delivered at Morgantown on the 4th day of July, 1876, thus:

"Near the spot where we are now assembled, when the autumnal frosts had tinged with gold and crimson the matured foliage of the tall hickory and the wide spreading sugar tree near six-score years ago, while George II. sat upon the throne of Great Britain, a few adventurous pioneers penetrated the dense wilderness and erected their log cabins. Doubtless the giant oaks which then stood upon the hills around us were girdled or felled to make room for the hoped-for harvest of the coming year. Whence they came we know not. History records only their sad fate; and the stream near whose banks we now stand alone perpetuates the memory of Thomas Decker. But one of their number escaped to tell of their sudden surprise and destruction ere the flowers had bloomed and the buds had opened in the following spring. The Mingos and Delawares found them on their hunting grounds, and upon the site of their humble cabins, and over scattered ashes, are now erected the substantial and elegant homes of citizens of the Athens of West Virginia." The one fortunate enough to escape the massacre found his way to Fort Redstone—now Brownsville, Pa., and from thence the sorry fate of Decker and his companions was carried to Fort Pitt—now Pittsburg, and Captain John Gibson with thirty men set out to intercept the Indians. They failed in this, but on their return at a place near where Steubenville in Ohio now is, they came upon a party of Indians headed by the Mingo chief named "Little Eagle." A bullet fired by the chief passed through the hunting shirt of Captain Gibson, whereupon the

brave Captain sprang forward and swinging his sword with herculean force severed the head of Little Eagle from his body. The Indians fled in dismay and reported to their people that the head of their chief had been cut off with a big knife. From hence Captain Gibson became famous as the "Big Knife Warrior," and Virginians became known among the Northwestern Indians as the "Big Knife Nation."

Thomas Decker's settlement was destroyed in the year 1755.

THE MORGANS.

Nine years later the indomitable Morgans came and settled at the mouth of Decker's creek. The chonicles of Border Warefare say that "this year (1764) the place which had been occupied for awhile by Thomas Decker and his unfortunate associates, and where Morgantown now is situated, was settled by a party of emigrants, one of whom was David Morgan, who became so conspicuous for personal prowess and for daring, yet deliberate courage displayed by him during the subsequent troubles with the Indians." David Morgan, however, is said to have left his brother, Zackwell Morgan, in the possession of the land where Morgantown now stands while he ascended the Monongahela river, and made a settlement opposite the mouth of Prickett's creek, in what is now Marion county.

He reared three sons, to wit: Stephen, Evans and Zackwell. The Hon. BenjaminS. Morgan, the present State Superintendent of Free Schools in West Virginia, is a great-grand son of the one last named. Zackwell Morgan, (brother of David) had some seven sons: Levi, Ralph, David, Uriah, Morgan, (known as "Mad") James and Zackwell. Miss Druzilla Morgan, a grand-daughter of Zackwell, is still living in Morgantown, and is a sprightly old maid about sixty years of age. Her father, Zackwell Morgan, jr., was a captain in the war of 1812. A relative of David and Zackwell Morgan named William Morgan settled at the Dunkard Bottom, where the unfortunate Eckerleys met their doom, in what is now Preston county, about the same time David and Zackwell settled here. They are all relatives of General Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary fame.

MURDER OF BALD EAGLE.

At the time these settlements were commenced there was peace between the whites and the Indians. Among the causes leading to the war of 1774 was the cruel and unprovoked murder of Bald Eagle. Border Warfare states that "Bald Eagle was

an Indian of notoriety, not only among his own nation, but among the inhabitants of the Northwestern frontier, with whom he was in the habit of associating. In one of his visits among them he was discovered alone by Jacob Scott, Wm. Hacker and Elijah Runner, who, reckless of the consequences, murdered him, wholly to gratify a most wanton thirst for Indian blood. After the commission of this most outrageous enormity they seated him in the stern of his canoe, and with a piece of johnny-cake thrust into his mouth set him afloat on the Monongahela. In this situation he was seen descending the river by several who supposed him to be, as usual, returning from a friendly hunt with the whites in the upper settlements, and who expressed some astonishment that he did not stop to see them. The canoe floating near to the shore, below the mouth of George's creek, was observed by a Mrs. Province, who had it brought to the bank, and the friendly, but unfortunate old Indian decently buried."

Tradition says that the wigwam of Bald Eagle was on the waters of Cheat river not far from its mouth, and that he was a frequent and welcome visitor at Kern's Fort, then standing on Decker's creek just opposite the ground now occupied by Morgantown. This murder was committed on the Monongahela river somewhere between the mouth of Cheat river and Kern's Fort, and it is a reasonable supposition that the old Indian was on his way to or from this fort when he met his cruel and undeserved fate. Scott, one of his murderers, settled on the run bearing his name, which puts into the Monongahela at Jimtown, about three miles below Morgantown where some of his descendants still reside. Hacker went further up the river and settled on the stream called Hacker's creek, and became noted for bravery as well as unscrupulousness in Indian warfare. It is related that he with four others from Hacker's creek settlement, went, against the remonstrance of the settlers, to an Indian town called Bulltown on the Little Kanawha, where five families of friendly Indians lived, whom they destroyed—men, women and children, and threw their bodies into the river. Who Runner was, or what became of him is not known to the writer. It was no doubt in the minds of many of the savages, when they perpetrated their horrid barbarities in North Western Virginia during the war of 1774, to avenge the death of Bald Eagle and the innocent blood of the five families at Bulltown.

MURDER OF MILLER AND WOODFIN.

It is noticeable that some of their most cruel deeds were done in Monongalia county and in the settlements made on Hacker's creek and the upper Monongahela. Early in the spring of 1778 a numerous body of Indians came into Monongalia county, making their way, as was generally supposed, to the fort near Morgantown. They fell in with a party of whites, returning from the labors of the cornfield about a mile from Cobun's fort. The Border Warfare states that "the Indians had placed themselves on each side of the road leading to the fort and from their covert fired upon the whites before they were aware of danger. John Woodfin being on horse-back had his thigh broken by a ball, which killed his horse and enabled them to catch him easily. Jacob Miller was shot through the abdomen and was soon overtaken, tomahawked and scalped. The others escaped to the fort. Woodfin was afterwards found on a considerable eminence overlooking the fort, tomahawked and scalped. Traditions in the family of Miller still living in Monongalia county, say that Miller, or his son Thomas, was plowing and had set his gun down in the field, and that an Indian crept up and shot him with it, and then ran into the woods, but was overtaken and killed. Tradition says also that Thomas Miller, too, was killed by Indians. He is said to have been tomahawked and scalped and his body propped up by forks against a large beech tree, said to be still standing with Miller's initials and the date of his death cut in the bark. Many of Miller's descendants still live in the vicinity of this tragedy, and some of them in Morgantown. Miller and Woodfin are said to have been killed on Miller's place, about three miles from Kern's Fort, now Morgantown. This same company of Indians then went to Dunkard creek and surprised a company of whites returning from their work, and killed tomahawked and scalped eighteen of their number.

ATTACK ON FORT MARTIN.

In the spring of the next year, (1779) when the pioneer farmers on Crooked run, in the same vicinity in which resided the Scotts, were gone forth to work on their farms, the fort known as Fort Martin, was attacked, and James Stuart, James Smalley and Peter Crouse were killed. John Shriver and his wife, two sons of Stuart, two sons of Smalley and a son of Crouse were carried into captivity.

In August of the same year, as if bent on avenging the death of Bald Eagle, the savages appeared again in this neighborhood, and Fanny Scott and Phœbe Scott, daughters of Captain David Scott, who was a relative of Jacob Scott, were murdered by Indians, who were watching the path they were traveling in taking dinner to the mowers in a meadow, said to be but a short distance below the present site of Granville. The spot where they met their terrible doom is said to be near the place where James Hawthorne's residence now is. It is related in Border Warfare that the younger of these girls was killed on the spot, but the other was taken some distance farther. Every search for her proved unavailing, and her father fondly hoped that she had been carried into captivity, and that he might find her. For this purpose he visited Pittsburg, and engaged the services of a friendly Indian to ascertain where she was and endeavor to prevail on them to ransom her. Before his return from Fort Pitt some of his neighbors, directed to the spot by buzzards hovering over it, found her mutilated and half eaten body.

Captain Felix Scott, a son of Col. David Scott, and brother of the two girls murdered by the Indians below Jimtown, it is said located where the town of Granville now is and was the founder of that town. He married a daughter of Capt. John Dent, who settled on and gave name to the stream known as Dent's run. Capt. John Dent was the first Sheriff of Monongalia county, and his wife was a daughter of Col. John Evans, who was clerk of the first court in the county. Mrs. Felix Scott was, therefore, the daughter of the first Sheriff and the grand-daughter of the first court clerk in the county. Felix Scott studied law, became a politician, and was a delegate in the Legislature of Virginia from Monongalia county about 1811 or '12. About 1819 he removed to Missouri, and subsequently became Lieutenant Governor of that State. Having been defeated for Governor of Missouri he removed to Oregon. It is said that about 1858, when he must have been far advanced in life, having gone to Illinois to visit a son, he started to cross the Rocky Mountains with some blooded stock, and, as he never reached his home in Oregon, is supposed to have been murdered by Indians. And so it would seem, more than three-fourths of a century having passed since the murder of Bald Eagle, the hands of the Scotts and of the red men were still imbrued in each others

blood. It is probable that the cruel murder of his sisters was still fresh in the memory of Capt. Scott, and his hatred for the race may have caused him to commit some rash act which provoked for him a fate similar to theirs.

The murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Pindall and two young surveyors named Crawford and Wright by Indians, and the hair breadth escape of Mrs. Rachel Pindall, on Crooked Run, and also the murder of Handsucker and his wife and child, the captivity of Clegg and his children, and the miraculous escape of Mrs. Clegg on the waters of Dunkard, are related in the chronicles of Border Warfare; and Prof. Wiley relates that Indians appeared in 1781 at the mouth of Doll's run, and murdered John Statler, James Piles and two others, and carried several into captivity. That Wm. Dawson was taken captive near the site of Cassville in 1785, and that the Indians murdered all of a family named Hutchinson, on Dunkard, except one daughter, who was taken captive but that George Tucker and James O'Neil followed on to the headwaters of the creek, and there, with the assistance of a trained dog and their guns, succeeded in killing all the Indians and rescuing the young woman. These and many other thriling tales of Indian warfare are related as having occurred in one and another places in Monongalia county; but they can scarcely be classed with thrice told tales of Morgantown.

EXPLOITS OF THE MORGANS.

The people of Morgantown take especial pride in rehearsing the tales of Indian warfare, wherein the Morgans figured. We stated that David Morgan, leaving his brother Zackwell, in possession of the land where Morgantown now stands, went farther up the Monongahela river, and during these stirring times he seems to have been located near Prickett's fort, in what is now Marion county. Border Warfare states that "the settlement on Hacker's creek was entirely broken up in the spring of 1779." and that "in the neighborhood of Prickett's fort, the inhabiants were early alarmed by circumstances which induced a belief that the Indians were near, and they accordingly entered that garrison." Among those who were at this time in the fort was David Morgan, then upwards of sixty years of age. He had already become famous as an Indian fighter, but at this time transpired his most noted achievement, which the author of Border Warfare relates in these words:

"Early in April, 1779, being himself unwell, he sent his chil-

dren—Stephen, a youth of sixteen, and Sarah, a girl of fourteen —to feed the cattle, at his farm, about a mile off. The children, thinking to remain all day and spend the time in preparing ground for water melons, unknown to their father, took with them some bread and meat. Having fed the stock, Stephen set himself to work, and while he was engaged in grubbing, his sister would remove the brush, and otherwise aid him in the labor of clearing the ground; occasionally going to the house to wet some linen which she had spread out to bleach.

"Morgan, after the children had been gone some time, betook himself to bed, and soon falling asleep dreamed that he saw Stephen and Sarah walking about the fort yard scalped.

"Aroused from slumber by the harrowing spectacle presented to the sleeping view, he inquired if the children had returned, and upon learning that they had not, he set out to see what detained them, taking with him his gun. As he approached the house still impressed with the horrible fear that he should find his dream realized, he ascended an eminence, from which he could dintinctly see over his plantation, and descrying from thence the object of his anxious solicitude, he proceeded directly to them, and seated himself on an old log, near at hand. He had been here but a few minutes, before he saw two Indians come out from the house and make towards the children. Fearing to alarm them too much, and thus deprive them of the power of exerting themselves enough to make an escape, he apprized them in a careless manner of their danger, and told them to run towards the fort—himself still maintaining his seat on the log. The Indians then raised a hideous yell and ran in pursuit; but the old gentleman showing himself at that instant, caused them to forbear the chase, and shelter themselves behind the trees. He then endeavored to effect an escape, by flight, and the Indians followed after him. Age and consequent infirmity, rendered him unable, long, to continue out of their reach; and aware that they were gaining considerable on him, he wheeled to shoot. Both instantly sprang behind trees, and Morgan seeking shelter in the same manner, got behind a sugar, which was so small as to leave part of his body exposed. Looking around, he saw a large oak, about twenty yards farther and he made for it. Just as he reached it, the foremost Indian sought security behind the sugar sapling, which he had found insufficient for his protection. The Indian sensible that it would not shelter

him threw himself down by the side of a log at the root of the sapling. But this did not afford him sufficient cover, and Morgan, seeing him exposed to shot, fired at him. The ball took effect, and the savage rolling over on his back, stabbed himself twice in the heart.

"Having thus succeeded in killing one of his pursuers, Morgan again took to flight, and the remaining Indian after him. It was now that trees could afford him no security. His gun was unloaded, and his pursuer could approach him safely. The unequal race was continued about sixty yards, when looking over his shoulder, he saw the savage within a few paces of him, and with his gun raised. Morgan sprang to one side, and the ball whizzed harmless by him. The odds were now not great, and both advanced to closer combat, sensible of the prize for which they had to contend, and each determined to deal death to his adversary.

"Morgan aimed a blow with his gun, but the Indian hurled a tomahawk at him, which cutting his little finger off, and injuring the one next to it, knocked the gun out of his grasp, and they closed. Being a good wrestler, Morgan succeeded in throwing the Indian; but soon found himself overturned and the savage upon him feeling for his knife and sending forth a most terrific yell, as is their custom when they consider victory as secure. A woman's apron, which he had taken from the house and fastened around him above his knife, so hindered him in getting at it quickly that Morgan, getting one of his fingers in his mouth, deprived him of the use of that hand, and disconcerted him very much by continuing to grind it between his teeth.

"At length the Indian got hold of his knife, but so far towards the blade, that Morgan, too, got a small hold on the extremity of the handle and as the Indian drew it from the scabbard, Morgan biting his finger with all his might, and thus causing him, somewhat, to relax his grasp, drew it through his hand gashing it most severely. By this time both had gained their feet, and the Indian, sensible of the great advantage gained over him, endeavored to disengage himself; but Morgan held fast to the finger, until he had succeeded in giving him a fatal stab, and felt the almost lifeless body sinking in his arms. He then loosened his hold and departed for the fort. On his way he met with his daughter, who, not being able to keep pace with her brother, had followed his footsteps to the river bank, where he had

plunged, and was then making her way to the canoe.

"Assured thus far for the safety of his children, he accompanied his daughter to the fort, and then in company with a party of men, returned to his farm, to see if there were any appearances of other Indians being about there. On arriving at the spot where the desperate struggle had been, the wounded Indian was not seen, but trailing him by the blood, which flowed from his side, they found him concealed in the branches of a fallen tree. He had taken the knife from his body, bound up the wound with the apron, and on approaching him, he accosted them familiarly, with the salutation, 'How do do brother! How do do brother!' Alas, poor fellow! their brotherhood extended no further than to the gratification of a vengeful feeling. He was tomahawked and scalped; and as if this would not fill the measure of their vindictive passions, both he and his companion were flayed, their skins tanned and converted into saddle seats, shot pouches and belts."

Hon. Wm. G. Brown, in a letter written to the West Virginia Historical Society in June, 1875, states that in the early settlement of Monongalia, a man named James Morgan (he probably meant David Morgan) was attacked by a small party of Indians and made a miraculous escape, killing several of his assailants. And that Morgan tanned the hide of one of them and sent word of his so doing to the Indians to intimidate them; but that, instead of intimidating them, only made them more determined to have revenge. That accordingly in the fall of 1786 the Indians residing near the mouth of Fishing creek, on the Ohio river, fitted out an expedition to kill Morgan and his family. These Indians ascended Fishing creek to its source and came down Indian creek to the Monongahela river. Crossing the river they took up White Day to its source, intending to strike the head of Morgan's run which they would follow to its mouth, where William Morgan, the relative of David and Zackwell, resided, on Dunkard Bottom. But by mistake they fell upon Green's run, and following it they came to Green's improvment near where Kingwood now is. There they murdered Green and his hired man, named Lewis, and one of Green's children and made prisoners of Mrs. Green and two daughters, named Elizabeth and Sarah. Another daughter, then a little girl, being shot through the hand, fell down and holding her wounded hand on her face allowed the blood to clot upon her face and head so that the Indians, thinking she was dead, went away and left her and she

escaped across Cheat river to a neighbor's house.

Mr. Brown in his centennial oration of Preston county, says that Mrs. Green, after a captivity of one or more years, was exchanged and returned to the Green plantation, and that she afterwards married a man named Moore, by whom she had three children, a son and two daughters, and after Moore's death she married a man named Spurgin, by whom she had another daughter. Two of these daughters married Rubles, and some of their descendants of that name reside now on the edge of the mountain some six or seven miles southeast of Morgantown.

Mr. Brown in his centennial oration, further states, "After the defeat of the Indians by Gen. Wayne and the treaty of peace of 1795 was concluded where the city of Cincinnati now stands, the two daughters of Green were found, one of the provisions of the treaty being that all the prisoners should be set at liberty. "Sarah was the wife of a man by the name of Sourhaver, Elizabeth the wife of a man name King, both French traders. The girls wanted to come home and King not caring to leave his pursuits, sold his wife to a soldier by the name of Johnson, who took charge her and her little son by the name of John King.

As the Indian marriages were not recognized as valid, Johnson married Mrs. King according to our laws and returned. Sourhaver returned with his wife, remained at her mother's a short time, sold out his interest in the Green lands to my father and returned to the Indians. Their descendants may be Indian Chiefs now, bravely contending for the golden treasures of the Black Hills; at least they chose their lots among the roving tribes of the 'Great West.' Johnson and his wife lived and died in this county, leaving beside John King, five children—Jesse, Isaac, Green, Sarah and Rebecca."

One of Johnson's daughters, Rebecca it is said married a man named Cassel, and some of his descendants reside in Morgan district at this time.

Andrew Johnson, who at the time of the "Jones Raid," was taken for a bushwhacker and along with Lloyd Beall was shot, is said to have been a son of this Rebecca Johnson, and consequently a great-grand-son of the old man Green. Another daughter married John Sennit and reared a family on Decker's creek above Morgantown, and our townsman Frank Sennett is their son.

Green is said to have been shot just inside his cabin door,

while in the act of taking down his gun to defend his life and domicile. His blood stained the floor of the cabin and when James Brown, the father of Hon. Wm. G. Brown, a few years later moved into it the stains were still there, and every effort of Mrs. Brown to remove them by scrubbing and scouring failed. Finally in order to remove the unpleasant spectacle from view Mr. Brown took up the floor and hewed them away with his broad axe.

In the year 1777 a force of Indians made their appearance on Dunkard in the Northwestern part of Monongalia county and made an attack upon the house of Jacob Farmer. Two men and a boy were killed and others were missing. Among the missing were two children of Jacob Jones, Nancy and William, who were supposed by their friends and relatives to have been killed, but as it turned out they were taken captive and were kept by the Indians five years and then set at liberty. This William Jones is said to have returned afterward and resided near Grafton where he died at the good old age of nearly one hundred years. He related after his return that when the Indians learned of David Morgan's fight with and killing two of the Indians near Prickett's fort he heard two of the stoutest warriors of the tribes swear an oath to kill Morgan or never return. And as they went on a trip to find Morgan and did not return, the Indians believed they were killed by the Morgans. It is contended however that the Morgans had just cause for their hatred against the Indians and their barbarous act of tanning the Indians' hides. The savages not only committed murders in their neighborhood and made raids for the express purpose of killing them and their kindred, but they had actually murdered and taken captive some of their blood relations. It is recorded in the chronicles of Border Warfare that "Indians visited the house of William Morgan at the Dunkard Bottom of Cheat river and there killed a young man named Brain, Mrs. Morgan, the mother of William, and her grand-daughter, and Mrs. Dillon and her two children. They took Mrs. Morgan (the wife) and her child prisoners. When on their way home they came near to Prickett's fort. There they bound Mrs. Morgan to a bush and went in quest of a horse for her to ride, leaving her child with her. She succeeded in untying with her teeth, the bands which confined her, and wandered the balance of the day and part of the next, before she came in sight of the fort, here

she was kindly treated, and in a few days sent home."

The vindictiveness of the Indians for the whites and their especial hatred for the Morgan family is exhibited in the fact that some of the men going out from Prickett's fort some short time after Mrs. Morgan's escape found at the spot where she had been left, a fine mare stabbed to the heart. Exasperated at the escape of Mrs Morgan, the savages, had no doubt, vented their rage on the animal which they had destined to bear her weight.

This murder of David Morgan's relatives was rankling in his mind, when in the succeeding year, his domicil was invaded, and the life of his children attempted to be taken by stealth, and in cold blood and naught, but his dauntless bravery and heroic fighting saved them. His exasperation and the exasperation of his friends deserve consideration in connection with the barbarous act of tanning the hides of the savages and making saddle seats, shot pouches, &c., therefrom as a warning to the red savages.

MORE ABOUT THE MORGANS.

The chronicles of Border Warfare also record the following adventure of Levi Morgan, who was a son of Zackwell Morgan, Sr.

"In 1787 the Indians again visited the settlement on Buffalo and as Levi was engaged in skinning a wolf which he had just taken from his trap, he saw three of them—one riding a horse which he knew, the other two walking near behind—coming towards him. On first looking in the direction they were coming, he recognized the horse, and supposed the rider to be its owner —one of his near neighbors. A second glance discovered the mistake, and seizing his gun he sprang behind a large rock—the Indians at the same instant taking shelter by the side of a large tree. As soon as his body was obscured from their view, he turned and seeing the Indians looking towards the other end of the rocks as if expecting him to make his appearance there, he fired and one of them fell. Instantly he had recourse to his powder horn to reload, but while engaged in skinning the wolf, the stopper had fallen out and his powder was wasted. He then fled and one of the savages took after him. For some time he held to his gun; but finding his pursuer sensibly gaining on him he dropped it under the hope that it would attract the at-

tention of the Indian, and give him a better chance to escape. The savage passed heedlessly by it. Morgan then threw his shot pouch and coat in the way to tempt the Indian to momentary delay. It was equally vain—his pursurer did not falter for an instant he now had recourse to another expedient to save himself from captivity or death. Arriving at the summit of the hill up which he had directed his steps, he halted; and as if some men were approaching from the other side, called aloud, 'come on, come on; here is one, make haste.' The Indian not doubting that he was really calling to some men at hand turned and retreated as precipitately as he advanced; and when he heard Morgan exclaim, 'shoot quick, or he will be out of reach!' he seemed to redouble his exertion to gain that desirable distance. Pleased with the success of the artifice, Morgan hastened home, leaving his coat and gun to reward the savage for the deception practiced on him.

"At the treaty of Au Glaize, Morgan met with the Indian who had given him the chase, and who still had his gun. After talking over the circumstance, rather more composedly than they acted it, they agreed to test each others speed in a friendly race. The Indian being beaten, rubbed his old hams and said 'stiff, stiff; too old, too old.' Well said Morgan, 'you got the gun by out running me then, and I should have it now for out running you' and accordingly took it."

In April of 1855 Joseph Powell published in the *American Union*, a newspaper then published at Morgantown, an adventure of Levi and James Morgan, sons of Zackwell Morgan, Sr., which deserves to be given in this connection, whether considered as truth or exaggeration. The incidents related are of such thrilling character as to appear incredible, but whether literally true or exaggerated it has been thrice told. It is proper to state, however, that the veracity of both Powell and James Morgan are unimpeachable. The great length of the narrative makes it neccessary to omit much of it that is interesting, but so far as space will permit the narative is given in the words of the original. James Morgan who, at the time the narrative was given to Mr. Powell, was 86 years old, and was at the time the adventure transpired only about ten years old and his brother Levi was a youth of fifteen or sixteen. An unusually heavy fall of rain had swollen the streams so as to make it both dangerous and difficult to cross them, and the day was an exceedingly wet

and inclement one when Levi and James, against the protest of their father, determined to visit their uncle David Morgan, then residing near Prickett's fort. But when the protest of their father failed to change the purpose of the youth he determined to accompany them as far as Booth's creek.

"On Friday the 23rd (of October, 1778,) says the narative, "a little before five o'clock, we set out leaving the river on crossing Decker's creek, which was done in a canoe, swimming a horse along side, passing over what was since Kern's farm, crossing Cobun's creek about two miles from its mouth, and continuing our course through the late Evan Morgan farm; keeping the high ground for two miles beyond this point, we ventured toward Booth's creek, which we crossed with much difficulty and danger on a drift dam that had completely shut up the stream and was too much swollen to be ridden.

"Father had accompanied us over, gave us the direction of the fort—then near ten miles distant—in a straight line course, which we could preserve could we readily cross White Day.

"We were now standing on the western bank of Booth's creek; the atmosphere had become humid and chill since we crossed Cobun's creek and distant thunder warned us of the probability of a wet day, and yet higher waters.

"We had not been standing here more than five or ten minutes, receiving instructions, when father, casting his eyes across the stream in the direction of the horse, exclaimed: 'By gracious there's an Indian!' He was standing by the horse next the creek.

"We all saw him in an instant, when Levi leveled his gun to shoot, but father restrained him, saying, 'wait till we see if there are others.

"He looked directly across the creek, but we were concealed from his view by the clustering hazel and willow bushes that skirted the shore of the little stream of the wilderness. At length he came cautiously to the edge of the drift in search of tracks, but our moccasins, being clean from walking on the leaves, had left not a mark visible to his keen eye. He, after a few moments reconnoitering, returned to the horse, passing within ten feet of father's gun, which stood at the root of a tree, and commenced taking off the saddle. Father fired my rifle, aimed at his head barely, in order to save the horse, only, however, sadly discomfiting his gaudy head-dress. He was instant-

ly about face, but with this position Levi's gun cracked, when the Indian sprang for the creek, but fell at its edge among the bushes and drift and lay motionless, his head and shoulders under the water.

"To render father's position more awkward or at least unpleasant, at this particular juncture, his horse took fright and broke for home. He well knew that a perfect state of alarm and confusion would reign in the family domicile should the horse arrive first, and fearing to recross the dam, we all set off down the stream in search of a crossing for father, but went to the mouth without an opportunity offering.

"He here told us to go forth on our journey, stating that he would withe some logs together and run down the river home, only about three miles, you know. But we could not think of leaving him without a gun, and set about constructing his raft, which was the work of but a few minutes, I cutting and trimming the withes. He intended to keep the centre of the river, an easy task when rising, as every floating substance tends to that point.

"In a few moments he set sail on his rude craft, driving out into the Monongahela with Booth's creek's current with the rapidity of a maddened steed, and was carried with fearful force down toward home. But fearing the rifle of a straggling Indian on the northwestern shore, he struck a stroke or so with his pole which drew him from the draught of the current nearer the eastern shore, on to which he run at the mouth of Cobun's creek, wrecking his raft, while repairing it he heard a turkey gobble several times, and, on setting out again, hugged the shore closely in order to make the mouth of Decker's creek, at home. But just above, at the 'carved or chartered rocks,' the old turkey gobbler saluted his raft with an ounce shot, which struck about three inches from his left heel in the dry chestnut log on which he was standing. The providential act of his poling to the eastern shore undoubtedly saved his life, for had he made for the other the very Indian who aped the turkey would have shot him, and you see he barely escaped as it was.

"But the horse ran up to the door, snorting, champing his bit and covered with blood and foam two hours before father arrived. The saddle was removed, when an ounce ball was observed protruding from the skin and flesh, just back of the shoulder, having passed, as they reasonably supposed, through the rider's

thigh, breaking it and disabling him in such a manner as to render his captivity and death certain.

"The wild cry broke from every tongue on the ground that Morgan and two of his sons had been killed by Indians that morning a few miles above. All the force of the place was immediately in arms—some fifteen or twenty men—who repaired at once to the mouth of Decker's creek to cross, but the canoe was on the opposite side. This, however, was a small obstacle to the expedition, as one Joe Speight, a Dutchman, who had no gun, immediately volunteered to swim for it, while they should cover his coolness with their deadly rifles. He had about reached the craft, when father drifted around the point into the mouth of the creek, and was hailed by some one of the crowd as to what was the matter.

"'All is well,' he said, which ran through the eager crowd like an electric shock, quieting at once their fears and wailing; but immediately succeeded such a wild shout of joy that poor Speight, ignorant of all that had passed, mistook it for a genuine Indian attack, which impression so affected his nerves, that he could not loosen the craft, and, standing on the shore, commenced wringing his hands and screaming in the wildest manner:

"'Oh, mine Ghot! Oh, mine Lordt! Oh, Shesus Ghrist! Oh! oh! oh! Shute 'em! Shute 'em! Shake Speiler, vill you shute nobody for me?'

"At this crises in Speight's affairs some one for mischief fired off his gun, and, father stepping up in his rear, who Speight perceived through the bushes though failed to recognize him, he sprang into the creek with a frantic scream which eclipsed all his former efforts, if possible, and in a dozen strokes struck the opposite shore, where he was hailed with the wildest expressions of joy and merriment, though somewhat commingled with sorsow for his severe fright.

"Father, descending the bank, got into the canoe and paddled over, when he soon explained matters in connection with his detention, etc.

"He and four others swam their horses over the creek about noon and rode to the scene of the drift-dam, but on reaching which, his horse refused to be urged to the spot. Halting within a hundred yards or so of it, they alighted, and hitching their animals, walked down. There lay the brawny son of the forest just as we had left him in the morning, and father's gun standing at the root of the tree, while the Indian's lay near where he

attempted to unsaddle Charley, preparatory to a ride as was supposed. He must have thought the horse without an owner near at hand so early in the morning, as he was standing unhitched; but the great wonder is that he suffered the Indian to approach him at all without giving us some signs of alarm at the presence of the red stranger.

"Had the Indian come along a few moments sooner, while we were yet on the drift, and discovered father's gun, he might have killed or caused the drowning of all of us. But it does now really seem to me that Providence ever threw in the scale of fate chances favorable to the whites.

"Dragging the savage from the water, his feathered cap was seen to have been cut by the bullet from my father's gun close down in the hair, a lock of which was clipped off. He had an elegant gun, considerable ammunition, tomahawk and scalping knife, and between forty and fifty dollars in gold and silver, which fell to Levi, according to the customs of the times, and which he divided with his father. The Indian had also in his possession two scalps not yet dry—one from the head of a male, the other from a female, as determined by the length of the hair. The body was concealed beneath the drift and branches of undergrowth at the edge of the water, out of the reach of wild beasts, this being the most honorable rite of sepulture they could perform under the circumstances.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"As soon as father set sail from the mouth of the creek, we turned toward our destined point, it being now about 10 o'clock or thereabouts. Levi led the way straight up to the point at which he had killed the Indian, though keeping a little farther from the stream than we had in descending.

"We then left the creek, bearing slightly to the right, passing through what is now the Holland settlement, keeping, as it turned out to be, a good direction for White Day.

"The point at which we struck this stream was just below where the old Fast mill now stands. Finding no place at which to cross, we commenced a descent in search of a fording place. We had reached the site of Smithtown. The creek was high and rising, and grew visibly wider as we descended, so much so that we began to despair of making the opposite shore very soon or easily. But just now, as we continued, as though to heighten the perturbed state of our minds, we came abruptly upon the dead body of a white man, who had been shot through with a

ball and scalped. The body as yet exhibited no signs of putrefaction. It had apparently been just exhumed from its rude resting place by some carniverous animal that had feasted on the entrails of the unconscious victim to savage ferocity, and was no doubt still lurking in the dense *chaparrel* adjacent, that when the sun should have sunk behind the western hills he and his kindred might return and complete the destruction of the body in a hideous nocturnal carnival.

This was about half way between the towering cliffs of rocks at Smithtown and those below."

Here Mr. Powell's narrative at some length describes several unsuccessful attempts at crossing the swollen creek when at length they reached a spot where a huge pine tree had fallen "from high above on the opposite shore." Into the top of this Levi waded waist deep in water and commenced hacking the branches with a tomahawk when the sharp report of a rifle saluted their ears and a "whizzing bullet cut off a sourwood branch" within two inches of James' head. Directions were hastily given by Levi to James as to what he should do in case it became necessary for him to save himself by flight alone. James was stationed behind the friendly shelter of an overgrown oak, and Levi was likewise in ambush, and they discussed coolly their reluctance at shooting the Indian from his position overhanging the raging torrent, as thereby they would lose his scalp, his gun, etc. But it was decided to "shoot him down and let him go."

"James raised his gun to the side of the tree" (so says the narrative) "drew a deadly aim on his broad back, and pulled the trigger, when the rifle burnt her priming. The Indian certainly could not have heard the flash, but somehow at that instant he turned right facing us, when Levi fired, exclaiming: 'Blamed if my gun misses going off or her bullet its aim!' The victimized warrior gave a shrill whoop that rang out in its fierceness over the din of the misting rain as it pattered from leaf to leaf in its steady descent in the forest, and the roaring of the turbulent stream beneath him, and, elevating his noble form, decorated in its native grandeur, tossed his gun from him and fell in the opposite direction and was seen no more."

"A number of years after this event John Bunner found a gun barrel in the bed of the stream a few rods below this spot."

* * * * * * * * * *

According to Mr. Powell's narrative the two brothers then, through rain and floods, and after totally destroying their powder by getting it wet and rendering their guns useless to them, succeeded in reaching the mouth of White Day, and as they stood there admiring the waters breaking against the rocks, at their feet, they espied a canoe coming down the river. It contained three tawny savages and two white women and a child. They entered the mouth of the creek and landed on the opposite side from the boys, where they were joined by another savage. After reconnoitering in uncomfortably close proximity to them the savages re-embarked with their captives and again landed lower down the river, where they went into camp underneath some huge over-hanging rocks. Here the unfortunate captives were grossly maltreated and abused, and the innocent babe was strangled in the water and its dead body cast down at the mother's side, but between midnight and daybreak the ledge of rocks above them fell and buried alike the captors and captives. When the adventurers next morning explored the scene —"Not a human form was visible—not a vestige of life. God had spoken in silent, yet comprehensive voice to the mute hill and it obeyed him."

A HEROINE ON DUNKARD.

The alarm which had caused David Morgan and his neighbors to remove into Prickett's Fort in the spring of 1779 for safety had induced some two or three families residing on Dunkard Creek to collect at the house of a family named Bozarth they thinking that they would be less exposed to danger if collected together in one place than if scattered throughout the neighborhood. At this house a small company of Indians, the comrades no doubt of those killed by David Morgan appeared, and a tragedy was there enacted which if not just local to Morgantown deserves to be related here because it presents one of the most remarkable instances on record of female bravery and deliberate coolness. Supposing these to be a part of the same company of Indians, two of whom were killed by David Morgan, their ill fate was most singular and makes this not only a thrice-told tale of Morgantown, but one of more than ordinary interest.

It is recorded in the Border Warfare thus:

"About the first of April (1779), when only Mrs. Bozarth and two men were in the house, the children, who had been out at

play, came running into the yard exclaiming, "There are ugly red men coming!" Upon hearing this, one of the two men in the house, going to the door to see if Indians really were approaching, received a glancing shot on his breast, which caused him to fall back. The Indian who had shot him sprang in immediately after, and grappling with the other white man, was quickly thrown on the bed. His antagonist, having no weapon with which to do him injury, called to Mrs. Bozarth for a knife. Not having one at hand she seized an axe, and at one blow let out the brains of the prostrate savage. At that instant a second Indian, entering the door shot dead the man engaged with his companion on the bed. Mrs. Bozarth turned on him, and with a well directed blow, let out his entrails and caused him to bawl out for help. Upon this, others of the party, who had been engaged with the children in the yard, came to his relief. The first who thrust his head in at the door had it cleft by the axe of Mrs. Bozarth and fell lifeless on the ground. Another catching hold of his wounded, bawling companion, drew him out of the house, when Mrs. Bozarth with the aid of the white man, who had been first shot, and was then somewhat recovered, succeeded in closing and making fast the door. The children in the yard were all killed, but the heroism and exertions of Mrs. Bozarth and the wounded white man enabled them to resist the repeated attempts of the Indians to force open the door, and to maintain possession of the house until they were relieved by a party from the neighboring settlement. The time occupied in this bloody affair, from the first alarm by the children to the shutting of the door, did not exceed three minutes. And in this brief space Mrs. Bozarth with infinite self-possession, coolness and intrepidity succeeded in killing three Indians.

TALES OF AN OLD ITINERANT.

The Rev. Henry Smith, a minister of the M. E. Church preached in Morgantown in 1795 before there were any houses of worship built in the town, when in fact there was only one, half finished log meeting house in his circuit, the circuit was called Clarksburg circuit, on the Monongahela, and it began at Martin's meeting house and extended up as high as Buckhannon. There can be no doubt of the truth of the statement made by Mr. Smith, that he "labored hard and suffered not a little." And for support he says he "did not get the half of sixty-four dollars." In his Recollections of an Old Itinerant he states that

he was in Morgantown on Christmas Eve when Captain Morgan having "collected a small company of daring spirits like himself" went out on an Indian hunt and having crossed the Ohio river came to an Indian camp where were seven Indians—two men, three squaws and two children, and they shot the men and brought in the women and children prisoners. The good old preacher says; "I saw them when they came and went to the house the next day to see them and my heart yearned over them when I looked upon an old mother and two daughters and two interesting grand children a boy and a girl." In this old Itinerant's Recollections we find the following "joke:" "A few years before this Morgantown was alarmed by a report that Indian signs were seen in the neighborhood. A small company was sent out as spies to ascertain the certainty of it. Among the rest was an Irishman. Happily they found the report groundless, and returned to town. But by the way some wished to have a little fun with the Irishman; hence they divided, under pretense of making further observations. One party ran ahead and concealed themselves; and when the Irishman's party came up, they shot off their guns, and every man fell but the Irishman. He took to his heels and ran for his life about five miles to Morgantown. His report excited a dreadful alarm through the town. Brother George Cannon, one of the preachers, happened to be there. He ran to the stable, got his horse, and pushed off in all haste for Uniontown; but had not proceeded far before he found out that he had left his saddle-bags. He returned to get them; but when he got close to town the men came in, for they pursued their Irish friend as fast as they could, and a few guns were fired, and the people were soon relieved. But poor Cannon heard the guns and thought the Indians were actually in town; and wheeled about and made the best of his way to Uniontown." "All this" observes the the pioneer preacher, "was sport for the backwoods boys; but the poor Irishman and the Methodist preacher did not enjoy it at all."

COLONEL M'CLEARY.

One of the early settlers of Morgantown was Colonel William McCleary. He built and occupied the house still standing at the southwest corner of High and Pleasant streets, afterwards owned and occupied by his nephew Matthew Gay, Esq. He was a revenue Collector during the administration of General

Washington and was also Deputy District Attorney General in Virginia. He was undoubtedly a Collector of Revenue for the Government, and located in Morgantown at the date of the difficulty in Western Pennsylvania known as the Whiskey Insurrection. It is a matter of history that this disturbance spread into the border counties of Virginia and that the disaffection extended into Monongalia County. On the night of August 9, 1794, it is related that about thirty men blacked themselves, and in disguise came to Morgantown, surrounded the house of the Revenue Collector, and with riotous demonstrations threatened his life and property. The officer escaped by flight and by advertising that he had resigned, the mob were induced to go off peaceably. At another time the Insurrectionists assembled in the town to promulgate their ideas, and the citizens arose and drove them out of the town.

Tradition says that on one occasion there was a meeting of the Whisky Insurrectionists in the southern borders of Fayette county, Penna., where a "Liberty Pole" and flag were raised by them, and that Col. McCleary being present spoke plainly to them as was his habit. The whisky men became enraged at him and with force and violence took him and made him march around their pole and some say made him kiss their flag.

Col. McCleary's first wife was Miss Isabella Stockton of the county of Berkeley, and connected with her history is the following bit of romance: When Isabella Stockton was quite a child she was taken by the Indians and carried into captivity. She was kept by the savages for a time and was then ransomed by a wealthy French Canadian and was educated in Canada at a Catholic school. Here she matured into a beautiful and accomplished young women and her charms won the affections of her Canadian benefactor, who it seems was young and handsome, as well as rich. She reciprocated his love and plighted her faith before returning to her Virginia home to ask the assent of her parents to their marriage. In Berkeley county a Virginia beau became distractedly in love with her, but she was true to her first love and rejected his suit. She failed to obtain the consent of her parents to her marriage with the French Canadian because of the hatred of Virginians at that time against the French.

But wed her French lover, she would. He came and taking her from her fair Virginia home by stealth, they set out upon their journey through the wilderness with buoyant hopes and

romantic anticipations of a marriage and conjugal happiness amid the scenes of their youthful courtship.

But true love seldom runs smooth. The blood of her relatives boiled over at the idea of her alliance with a French Canadian and the Virginia lover was ready to pursue his hated rival. The command of the father was to bring back the daughter dead or alive.

The lovers had reached the banks of the Susquehanna river where they went into camp, expecting to spend the night and resume their journey next day, when their pursuers came upon them. The devoted lovers refused to be separated and her rejected Virginia beau, wanting but the opportunity to wreak his vengeance leveled his piece, and in the presence of the devoted Isabella, shot the Frenchman down.

Isabella Stockton returned in sorrow to her home in Virginia, where, after a term of mourning, she was wooed and won by Col. McCleary and brought to Morgantown. Here she lived, until the day of her death, in the house in which the writer today sits.

Col. McCleary married again and lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and died in the same house in 1821. It would be strange if the manes of so prominent a person as Col. McCleary should not reappear after his dissolution. His ghost was known to walk with silent tread from cellar to garrett and to sit spectre like in the chambers of his late residence to the great consternation of the old negro servants who survived him. On the corner of High and Pleasant streets stands one of the haunted houses of Morgantown, but "spiritual manifestations" in these degenerate days have become less frequent and Col. McCleary's ghost is well nigh forgotten.

THE MARCHIONESS DE SAN ROMAN.

Many years ago James Robb, a twelve year old boy, who played on the streets of Waynesburg in Pennsylvania, packed his clothes in a bundle, threw the bundle across his shoulder and started afoot for Wheeling, W. Va., where he remained with his uncle until he grew to manhood. When about twenty-one years of age he came to Morgantown and became cashier of the Merchants and Mechanics Bank. He married Miss Louisa Werninger, daughter of one of Morgantown's merchants and resided in a house which stood where Thos. R. Evans' residence now stands, at the north-east corner of Spruce and North Boundary

streets. In this house was born to James and Louisa Robb, a daughter, whom they named Isabella, in honor of Mrs. Isabella Rogers, wife of John Rogers, Esq., an old resident of the town and an intimate friend of her father. Subsequently Mr. Robb removed with his family to New Orleans where he amassed a very large fortune in his business of banking. Here he attracted the attention of Isabella II, Queen of Spain, and with her he formed a partnership and purchased the Havana Gas-works in Cuba. The venture proved a lucky one and not only increased his wealth but brought him into high favor with the Queen. During the period of these operations Mr. Robb having occasion to visit Spain was accompanied by his daughter, Isabella, then a charming brunette of about eighteen. At the Court of Madrid and in the train of the gay Isabella at that time was a Spanish Nobleman, a cousin of the Queen, the Marquis de San Roman, who fell in love with Isabella Robb.

Miss Isabella Robb had no royal blood in her veins, but her father was rich and had the favor of the Queen and so all obstacles were removed. The Queen's consent was freely given and Miss Isabella Robb became the Marchioness de San Roman and cousin by marriage to the Queen of Spain. The nuptials were celebrated at the Tuileries in Paris, in the year 1857, the Empress Eugenie being present at the wedding. Only a year or two after her marriage Madame San Roman then in the zenith of her prosperity, visited Morgantown and the scenes of her childhood in company with one or two of her sisters, the Misses Robb. They were the guests of Mrs. Isabella Rogers and their visit will be remembered by many persons still living in the town.

The affairs of Queen Isabella, however, did not continue to prosper. Her licentiousness became the subject of common talk, and her exchequer became weakened by ill-advised enterprises. In 1865 her Ministers resigned, and finally in 1868 a revolution broke out which ended in the formation of a republican provisional government, and the flight of the Queen to France. The Marchionness de San Roman stood by the unfortunate Isabella, and for several years they resided in Paris. They were with the deposed Queen in Paris in 1879, when news of Mr. Robb's serious illness reached the Marchioness, and as there were at that time some marital disagreement between her and the Marquis, it was both dutiful and convenient for her to re-

turn to her father in America. She went to him at Cheviot, a suburb of Cincinnati, and nursed him in his last illness, and then lived in dignified but lonely retirement till the day of her death.

On the 13th day of October, in this present year, in a small chapel at Spring Grove, in the vicinity of Cincinnati, the Holy Roman Catholic burial rites were celebrated over the mortal remains of Madame Isabella San Roman, a Spanish Marchioness. who was born some forty-five or fifty years ago in Morgantown.

An exquisite portrait of the Marchioness, done in oil by a skillful artist, hung in the drawing room of Mr. Rogers at the date of that gentleman's death. It was a gift from his friend, Mr. Robb, and was much prized by the possessor. The executors of Mr. Rogers' will declined to sell the charming picture, though purchasers could have been procured at a handsome price. It was given into the safe keeping of Judge Dille on his acquisition of the Rogers residence, and remained in his possession until a recent date, when a relative of the Robbs asked for and received permission to take it away.

THE EVANSES.

Col. John Evans was one of the earliest settlers at Morgantown. He was a Lieutenant Colonel in the Revolution. He seems to have come as early as the year 1765, probably not more than seven or eight years after the Deckers, and was in the vicinity when the Morgans came. He was the father of Captain John Evans, called "Captain Jack," and Captain John was the father of Col. James Evans who is still living in Morgantown. Col. James relates that he has heard his father tell that, when he was a boy of some eight or ten years, there was an alarm on account of Indians prowling in the neighborhood, and that his father was sent to the field of a neighbor living on the farm just west of the Evans plantation to bring in the neighbor's horse, and stopping at a log-heap to roast some eggs, which he had found on the neighbor's premises, he narrowly escaped being taken by the Indians. The horse for which he had been sent was taken and a prisoner, named Walls, being tied on its back, it was made to swim the river at where Granville now is, the river being much swollen by rains. Walls afterward returned from captivity and made the hair stand on "Jack's" head by telling him how the Indians were on his track that day, and how nearly they came to getting him.

Col. John Evans was clerk of the first court held in Monon-

galia county, and the clerk's office was kept at his house on the Evans farm, some two or two and a half miles north of Morgantown. That house is still standing. In its day it was quite an aristocratic mansion, for it was for a time the only house in the county built of hewn logs, weather-boarded and covered with shingles. The weather-boards were made from straight oak timber, split with a froe, and shaven with a drawing knife. The floor and windows are of pine, and although they have been in the house over an hundred years, they are still in a good state of preservation.

In 1784 General George Washington, "the father of our country," was the guest of Col. John Evans, and slept over night in this house; on which account Col. James Evans, the grandson, has always held the old mansion as a sacred place, and has kept it somewhat in repair, in order to preserve it.

It is related that Col. John Evans in his official capacity would sometimes have large sums of money to transmit to or from Richmond, and as there were no banks here then, and no paper currency, these sums had to be carried in gold and silver by him, riding on horseback. And as the road which he had to travel was lonely and beset with dangers he was in the habit of employing one or two men to go with him as guards to secure the safety of himself and the money. On one occasion he with "Mod" Morgan, and another person as guards, while making the trip to Richmond, stopped at a hotel in Eastern Virginia, where there was more of style and less of the substantial than the Morgantown backwoodsmen were accustomed to. The landlady presided at the meal time *cum dignitate* and dispensed a beverage of doubtful composition which she called coffee. The company were eating in silence when one of the Colonel's body guards remarked to the other, "Mod," I'll bet a dollar you don't know whether you are drinking tea or coffee. "No," replied "Mod," "I wouldn't bet on that, but whatever it is, I'll bet by G—d, as long as the spring holds out it can be made." Speaking of the Evans place we are reminded of a ghost story which may as well be related here:

At an early day the road leading down the Monongahela river was the one traveled by the Evans family, going to and from Morgantown. This road crossed Falling Run at its mouth, and in the deep hollow above, now within the University grounds, in the olden time it is said dwelt the ghost of a murdered man. Here the murder had occurred and the shade of the murdered

man was wont to visit by night the spot where death freed it from its mortal clay. Col. James Evans relates that three and a half score years ago, when he was a child, during his visits to the negro quarters at the old plantation, his hair has been made to rise upon his head and stand "like the quills on the fretful porcupine," as he listened to ghost stories told by the negroes, and especially that one that related to the murdered man at the mouth of Falling Run. The old negroes who related the story no doubt firmly believed they were telling the truth when they told how the murdered man appeared in the shape of a white goose and stood spectre like before the wayfarer or flapped his airy wings in front and on either side or about his legs, until the haunted ground was passed, and then would disappear in a most mysterious manner.

Its recital had a blood curdling influence, and none of the colored people could be induced for any consideration to pass this haunted spot after sundown. And the Colonel admits that in his youthful days, he has himself, had slight apprehensions while passing there on a dark night.

COUNTY COURTS.

Although by the burning of the court house at Morgantown in 1796 the records were destroyed, no doubt the first court of record held in the county, was a County Court, and Col. John Evans its clerk. The County Court has always been an "Institution" in Virginia. It has always had persons to depreciate it. It has been ridiculed, laughed at and sometimes slandered; but it has lived, and exists in a modified form in West Virginia to-day. For the trial of civil causes, being constituted with three justices of the peace, who were unlearned in the law and often eccentric in manners, it was the butt of a good deal of humor. On account of its triple formation it has been likened unto a grain of buckwheat, and therefore called the "Buckwheat Court." It has been called the "Corncob Court," but for what reason I know not. When three justices, one of whom was President, worked side by side on the bench, one can easily see how it was suggested to call them "two mules and a jackass." But notwithstanding all this, by their sterling qualities of heart and head, honesty and hard sense, the old time justices were generally brought to correct conclusions, so that it was not a bad court, and suited a sparely settled country.

Many amusing things are related to have occurred in the

County Court. It is said that on one occasion the County Court was in session with 'Squire W———, a worthy and prominent citizen of Morgantown, presiding. The clerk had furnished the court with a docket made out in the usual form. In the first and second columns of the docket were the names of plaintiffs and defendants, and opposite in the third column was a memorandum of the last order entered in each cause. In a large number of State's causes the last order was one directing a second or another summons to issue against the several defendants, and opposite each of these causes was the clerk's memorandum in these words, *alias summons*, which, of course, meant that another summons was ordered. The President of the court, with his accustomed gravity, took his seat and commenced exercising his legal talents on the docket. Scanning the column in which appeared on almost every line *alias summons*, he turned to the clerk and said, "Mr. Clerk, who is this *Elias Simmons*, he seems to have a great many cases in this court?" The clerk explained and members of the bar smiled.

The late Guy R. C. Allen was one of Morgantown's most gifted lawyers. He would wade through the intricacies of the law before the County Court in such manner as sometimes to dumbfound the old Justices. In a hard case perhaps it was politic to use technical terms and words in elucidating his propositions. On one occasion Mr. Allen was addressing the court, when the presiding Justice, a worthy citizen of the county, whose name is not given, stopped him thus: "Mr. Allen, if you desire this court to understand your argument, you must not use so many *tich nich ic als*" (technicals). Mr. Allen did not smile, but watching to catch the attention of all the members of the bar present, he placed his hand funnel-like to his ear as if to aid his accoustic powers, and said, "What did I understand the Court to say?" The Court then in the hearing of all reiterated, "I observed that if you wished this Court to understand your argument you must not use so many *tich nich ic als*—this Court cannot understand your *tich nich ic al* (technical) terms." Mr. Allen politely bowed to the Court, and said, "I will try and explain in terms that can be understood."

Hon. W. T. Willey was perhaps the most effective speaker at the Morgantown Bar. His great earnestness, combined with his eloquence and logic, made him almost irresistible. It is related of Mr. Willey that he was once pleading the cause of a

criminal before the County Court, on which sat 'Squire K———, one of those rugged specimens of old-time magistrates, who, with his rough exterior, concealed a heart full of generous emotions, and susceptible to the touch of eloquence. After analyzing all the evidence in the cause, and demonstrating the impossibility of his client's guilt, he was proceeding to close with an appeal. Looking 'Squire K—— squarely in the eye, and after a burst of eloquence and with all his earnestness Mr. Willey repeated once or twice, "Guilty? Do you believe it? Do you believe it?" 'Squire K—— turned away, shook his head as he wiped the tears from his eyes, and said in an audible voice, "No; I'll be d—d if I do!"

A prisoner was once put upon trial in the County Court for stealing apple butter. 'Squire K—— was on the Court presiding. The prisoner had relatives of influence and sufficient estate to enable him to make a strong and successful defense. Owing, no doubt, to the ingenuity of counsel, the jury were induced to bring in a verdict for acquittal. The verdict was read and the President of the Court commanded the prisoner to stand up. Said he, "Young man, it is my duty to discharge you because the jury have found you *not guilty;* but I'll be d—d if you didn't steal that apple butter, and well you know it."

Hon. John J. Brown, in his Centennial oration, records as a matter of history the following, which he says he has no doubt occurred in the County Court. "In a cause pending in that Court, it became necessary to prove some facts pertinent to the issue, of a very ancient date. These facts were ascertained to be known by a very old lady, a citizen of the county, and who notwithstanding her extreme age and consequent infirmities was in attendance as a witness in the case. A trial was urged and obtained by the counsel of the party who desired the benefit of her testimony, on the ground of her age and infirmity and that she was now present, and if the trial was postponed the probability was she would not be living at the next term of the court.

The counsel for the plaintiff (for it was he who introduced her) sought to impress the court and jury that her testimony was entitled to great weight and consideration on account of her extreme age, and because in her childhood she was personally cognizant of the facts sought to be proven. His cold, keen eyes flashed with momentary triumph when he inquired of the witness when she was born, and her reply was, "I do not know."

Changing the form of his inquiry he next asked her how old she was, to which question he obtained the same reply. By this time he realized the fact that his witness was no post deluvian and his eye kindled with unwonted lustre when again he modified the form of his inquiry and suggested to the old lady that she might be assisted in fixing her probable age by refreshing her memory by reference to some circumstance or event which she could recall and which transpired in her early childhood, for example her first visit to Morgantown. For a moment the old lady bowed her head in deep thoughtfulness, and then answered, "I could not pretend to give my age but I am very certain that when I was a little girl and first visited Morgantown there was no river there." The old lady was politely requested to stand aside and the counsel *sub rosa* told the Sheriff to call a witness who was born after the flood."

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

The Virginia justice of the peace has always been an important personage in his community. The Rev. Henry Smith, in his Recollections, as far back as 1795, partook of the hospitality of a Monongalia county justice of the peace. He says, "I believe this man could read *but not write*; and yet he was a magistrate and a patriarch in the settlement." The magistrates were formerly appointed by the Governor and Council upon the recommendation of the County Court; and being clothed with dignity by the Commonwealth, that dignity had to be maintained. When he had mastered the formula of an oath he administered it with great solemnity and eclat, and the form was, in the olden time, longer and more ponderous in terms than now. An old Morgantown justice ('Squire K——) is said to have abbreviated the form on one occasion thus: "Do you solemnly swear before Almighty God—O, d—n it to h—l you know the rest—so help you God."

'Squire K——was a man of integrity and honor, and prided himself on his just and equitable decisions. He did not believe in avoiding an honest debt by interposing the statute, and did not think it right to allow anyone else to do so in his court. A defendant once appeared before him and made a defence to an action that the account sued on was barred. "But," demanded the 'squire, "is it just?" "Well, yes;" was the reply, "it is just enough, but it is barred by the limitation." "Well, then," said the 'squire, "if it is just I will be d—d if I dont render a judg-

ment against you, for you can't plead any of your d—d *limitashings* in this court."

It will be noticed from these anecdotes that 'Squire K—— was somewhat addicted to the use of profane language. It was his habit. The habit so fastened itself on him that he did not know he was profane. It is related that once upon a time during his magistracy there was a show in Morgantown, and if anything in the world will bring a crowd of people to Morgantown it is a show. This was a circus and menagerie combined, and was of unusual magnitude. There resided in and about Morgantown at that time a family named Bice, and one named Hopkins, who were celebrated fighters. These and other kindred spirits being filled up with bad whiskey, attempted to enter the tent without paying, and on being refused admittance, undertook to clean up the showmen in a fisticuff. The showmen fought like desperadoes with crow-bars, picks, axes or any other weapons that were in their way, and thereupon ensued the most celebrated row that ever occurred in Morgantown. What added especial terror to the occasion, while men were being knocked in every direction and the women and children were screaming at the top of their voices, the showmen called out to the keepers to turn out the Bengal tigers. At this juncture 'Squire K— rushed upon the scene of action exclaiming, "I command the peace in the name of the commonwealth?" whereupon a large knife swiping about his neck, inflicted an ugly but shallow gash extending from the region of the jugular vein clear across the windpipe. The valiant old officer of the peace threw up his hands in great alarm exclaiming, "May the Lord have mercy on my soul—some G—d d—d son of a —— has cut my throat from ear to ear."

LAWYERS.

After speaking of courts and justices of the peace, we come naturally to speak of the lawyers.

Mr. G——— was, in his time, a prominent lawyer of Morgantown; and while a man of education and refined manners, he was somewhat addicted to the use of "cuss-words." He was of generous disposition, but had a quick temper, which contributed still more to excite the merriment of even his best friends. Mr. G—— was unostentatious in dress and appearance though a man of wealth. He seldom carried money about his person, and it is said that it was his habit to purchase articles at the mar-

ket or on the street, carry them home and then return with the money and pay for them. It is related that Mr. G——— once purchased from a countryman, on the street, two fine dressed fowls, and taking one in each hand was about to carry them to his home under promise of returning with the price. The practical joker was around about that time and whispered to the countryman that possibly he did not know his customer; that if he were allowed to carry away such valuable property he would certainly not return. The vendor of produce was alarmed at once and unceremoniously bawled: "Say! you man, bring them turkeys back and leave them until you pay for them!" This would have riled the temper of any good natured person, but it was beyond the endurance of the irascible Mr. G——. With all his might and main he threw the fowls upon the pavement and exclaimed as he walked away: "Damn your turkeys, I don't want them at all." While Mr. G—— was of quick temper he was kind, warm-hearted and genial. When a rap was sounded upon his office door it was answered with an absentminded "come in." Another louder rap was answered with a passionate "d—n it, come in and don't knock the door down." But when the embarrassed visitor stood upon his threshold, his genial friendship and good humor soon relieved the visitor's embarrassment and caused him to forget that there was anything uncivil in the invitation to come in. When an esteemed friend and relative about to leave his hospitable mansion had tethered his beast to the balustrade of the porch, and by dint of pure awkwardness had well nigh demolished it, a less passionate temper than Mr. G——'s might be excused for expressing the wish that he should not have his house pulled down over his head. But when his guest, in stammering apology, declared his act the extreme of awkwardness, and in the same breath said his good-bye, the response was characteristic of man, "Yes, yes. It was d—d awkward; good-bye, good-bye."

It is sometimes as humorous to observe a person without a temper as it is to notice one that is irritable. Capt. F—— was a man of even temper. He was proprietor of a Morgantown hotel and was deservedly popular. In conversation with a quarrelsome and abusive customer he was told in the most offensive and insulting manner imaginable that he was a liar and a scoundrel. To which he blandly replied, "Why, no, I ain't at all."

The following is also related of an early lawyer of Morgan-

town, and an early coal dealer:

Lawyer T—— had engaged his winter's coal of coal dealer D——. Now D—— had been frequently charged with sundry foibles of false dealings, but as no overt act could be brought against him he again and again escaped. His wagon bed was often believed to be insufficient to contain the mighty loads for which he charged, but proof of the shortage could not be found. T—— had engaged a large winter's supply and was careful to jot down each day's delivery until the last load under the contract was driven into his coal yard. And he observed that from the first there was a diminution in the size of the loads, each subsequent load getting smaller. When the last load halted in front of the coal house the lawyer carefully inspected it, and then enquired of D—— if this load was not smaller than the others? D—— replied no, that it was a full load and was as large as the others. "Well, well," said T—— "we will measure it," and turning to his trusty servant bade him bring the measure and to the great consternation of D—— they proceeded to measure the whole load, and it was taken as a standard by which to estimate the others, whereby T—— gained, and D—— lost a large quantity of coal. This incident has been cited as home proof of the saying, "set a thief to catch a thief."

Speaking of lawyers we are reminded to tell an anecdote that relates to a lawyer of the present day. It tends to prove one of two things, either that Morgantown people do not wear clean linen, or that the lawyer refered to is uncommonly fastidious.

It is related that once lawyer H—— was walking near the east end of the suspension bridge when a portly countryman on horseback came from the west side, and riding up inquired of him if he was lawyer H——. On receiving an inffirmative reply the countryman, who proved to be one of the "big family of Tennants from up on Dunkard," burst into a loud hoarse laugh, which he kept up for several minutes without interruption or cessation. This seemed to Mr. H—— a rude performance and offensive to his professional dignity, so he put in a *demurrer* in these words, "Sir, I am unable to understand the cause of your merriment. If there is anything about me to excite such laughter, I should like to know what it is." The countryman still convulsed with half suppressed laughter, replied, "Wall sir old Mrs.——, up at Ponetown gave me some money to pay to lawyer H——, and I told her I didn't know lawyer H—— from

a side of sole leather, and she just said to give it to the first polite, good looking man I met with a clean shirt on and I know'd you wa'r the man soon as I seed you, ha, ha, ha!"

JURORS.

Morgantown has had some distinguished men to serve on the jury, as well as "of the quorum." An ex-judge of Monongalia relates that on one occasion the grand jury was being empanelled, and when they were called up the clerk propounded the question as required by law, "Are either of you a surveyor of a road, or owner or occupier of a water-grist mill, or keeper of a hotel or tavern? Whereupon one of the panel "came to the front." He said, "I guess not, but I am a class leader." The Judge said that being a class leader did not disqualify him, and he was sworn.

It is told of a worthy citizen of Monongalia that, when a young man, he was serving upon a petit jury. The jury having retired to their room to consult of their verdict it was generally conceded that the plaintiff should have a verdict for something, but they disagreed as to the amount. One said, "I favor giving him so much," &c. Some one turned to the juror referred to, in as much as he seemed quiet and unobtrusive, and inquired what amount he would indicate. His reply was, "well gentlemen, its my opinion that this business is somewhat of an imposition, but you may put me down for three dollars, and daddy and me will try and pay it."

It is related of another of Monongalia's citizens that on account of his legal lore and ability as a juror he acquired the title of Judge, though not a lawyer nor a judicial officer. It happened thus. He was serving on a jury of which all the jurors were favorable to a verdict of acquittal (or conviction I am not certain which) except himself, and the jury "hung." After the jury was discharged M—— declared that he had with him on that jury eleven of the most contrary, stubborn men he had ever seen in all his life. Afterwards this cause, having gone to a higher court, was decided in accordance with his views, and thenceforth he became known as Judge M——.

POLITICIANS.

"Judge M——" was once the candidate of the Whig party for Legislative honors. The Democratic party being then in the ascendency the Whigs made an issue of reform and relied largely on the short comings of the Democrats. It happened that the

Democrats had a meeting one day in Morgantown, and the Democratic orators having finished their speeches, "Judge M——," mounted the rostrum and proposed addressing them from his stand-point. The Democrats commenced rapidly to disperse, whereupon the Whig candidate called to them in these words, "Hold on there, you Democrats, come back here. I want to tell you of some of your ornriness." My informant was a Democrat, and he could not tell whether the Democrats went back or not, as he himself did not wait to see.

In this connection another instance of brilliant stump oratory is in point. It is related of a Democratic candidate for the Legislature, and is said to have transpired in Morgantown. An "old war horse of Democracy" was addressing the assembled yoemen on what a more recent Monongalia politician would term the"finacles"(finances)of the country. Taking from his vest pocket a ragged one dollar bill he held it up, telling them that this was the kind of money the opposition party gives to the dear people, and spoke disparagingly of its fitness. He then took from his pocket a large, bright piece of specie, rang it upon the desk, and then holding it up said, "This my fellow citizens air the currency of the Dimicratick party. It has the ring of the genuine metal and has engraving upon it 'e pluribus in uno' which air a lating phrase and which in the Anglo Saxion parlance means a free government economically administrated by the Dimicratick party." He sat down amid great applause.

Morgantown has always had a small German element in its population, and it would be very strange indeed if this element should not come to the front in politics. A german orator once went out from Morgantown to address a political assemblage in the country. In the course of his remarks he "let fly" at the opposition party in broken English in a manner that was "a caution to the natives." In the language of Judge M—— he told them of "some of their ornriness." After the meeting was adjourned the German statesman fell into conversation with a person of the opposing faith in politics, and he commenced apologizing for the severity of his remarks, saying that he was speaking politically and did not intend to be personally offensive. "Oh that's all right," replied the other, "You spoke in Dutch, and I guess nobody understood much of what you said anyhow."

DOCTORS.

It would be strange if practical jokes were not played upon

the physicians of a town. Among the early physicians of Morgantown was Dr. Charles McLane, who located in the town in 1823, and continued his practice here through about a half a century. He was the inventor of the celebrated "Vermifuge" and "Liver Pills" that bore his name. He was skillful and obliging, and practiced over a large country. The most conspicuous traits of Dr. McLane's disposition were his kindness and his child-like simplicity. It is related that on one occasion as he was making a professional trip along a road that ran by the edge of a creek or deep stream, he came upon a robust looking individual sitting by the edge of the stream, apparently in great misery, for he was moaning at a great rate. The doctor, in his kind way, stopped and inquired the cause of his apparent suffering, and was told that it was toothache. By request the doctor alighted and was proceeding to examine the tooth when the mischievous rascal, who was only feigning his suffering, closed his huge jaws upon the doctor's fingers and held on like a bulldog. He thought it a smart joke to thus punish the doctor for his kindness, but he mistook his man. The "Adam" was roused in the old doctor, and he leveled a left-handed blow at the butt of his ear that relaxed the jaws of the "smart Alex" in a hurry, and sent him end over end into the creek. This anecdote furnishes a sample of the sort of people the early practitioner came in contact with.

Dr. J—— was once a prominent physician and merchant of Morgantown. A man named Jake S—— once came to the office of Dr. J——, stated the nature of his indisposition, and was furnished with medicine, which he took with him to his home in the country. The next day R——, one of the greatest wags in the world, on his way to town met with Jake, who told him of his having been in town on the preceding day and getting medicine from Dr. J——, which he said he had taken according to directions and was much relieved. R——— hastened on to Morgantown and went direct to Dr. J———'s store. The Doctor was himself behind the counter, and R—— stepping up, said, "Dock, I came in for some burial clothes for Jake S——. I suppose you heard of his death?" "Why, no," replied the doctor, recalling the recent visit and prescription, "When did he die?" R—— replied gravely, "Last night. Sudden death." "Ah, indeed!" said the doctor. "What in the world was the matter with him?" "Well," said R——, still maintaining his seriousness, "it is not known. He came to town yesterday evening and

got some medicine from somebody, and on going home he took a dose of it and sat down in front of the fire, and the first the family noticed he had fallen over and was in spasms. He tried to tell them something about the medicine, and where he got it; but, poor fellow, he was too far gone. He choked up and died without being able to speak." The doctor's mind began to fill with visions of prosecution for criminal carelessness, &c., as he inquired if there was anything on the medicine to indicate where it came from. "No," replied R——, "I believe not. They have some of the medicine and will have it analyzed, but they have no idea where he got it." "Ain't it astonishing," said the doctor, "that people will give medicine in that reckless way? Such carelessness is criminal." "Dock, did Jake get any medicine of you yesterday?" inquired R——. At this point the doctor caught the smile on R——'s face, and R——, unable to control his risibility, left the store room in time to escape the doctor's yard stick.

PREACHERS.

After relating one or more jokes on men of almost all other professions and callings, it would be irreverent to pass in silence the Ministers of the Gospel.

Morgantown boasts of some primitive preachers. The earliest seems to have been about the time of the Reformation, since an old citizen, it is said, is wont to claim that he was baptised in the Old Presbyterian Church, when an infant, by Martin Luther.

A number of the early settlers of Morgantown were of German birth. It is related that the pastor of a Morgantown congregation once called upon an old German citizen and during the pastoral visit the conversation was directed to the subject of reading the Bible. The minister spoke of a pious sister who delighted in reading the Scriptures, not meaning to draw any invidious comparisons but only citing an example, he said she read it more frequently than any other person he knew, having read the Bible through as often as three and four times in a year. The old gentleman shook his head doubtingly as he said, "By Got! she must haf one of these leetle Bibles."

A local preacher was once passing the toll gate at the suspension bridge in company with his mother-in-law, who plumed herself on the acquisition to her family of a "Minister of the Gospel." When they reached the toll gate she inquired of the toll gatherer if he charged Ministers of the Gospel toll, to which

the hardened old gate keeper replied, "Oh! no we don't charge Ministers of the Gospel anything, but we charge these d——d little one horse preachers, though."

The following did not occur in Morgantown but in the "upper end of the county." An ex-Superintendent of Schools vouches for its truth and the reason for relating it here is apparent.

The preacher was making a pastoral visit at the home of a sister who had been but recently converted. The good man noticing that his convert was ill at ease in his society was desirous that her embarrassment should be overcome. Said he: "Sister, I notice that in addressing me you call me Mr. ——; since by faith we are now members of the same household, I address you as sister——, and will you address me as brother—-?"

The sister was greatly disconcerted, but blushingly replied: "O! h—l no: that would sound so d——d silly." Another illustration of the force of habit.

YE EDITOR.

The following joke on the editor is from Hon. J. J. Brown's Centennial address:

"The *Spectator* was published about 1815 by William McGranihan & Co. Our old friend and fellow citizen, Nicholas B. Madera, whose stalwart virtues were honesty and want of suspicion, was the moneyed partner of the concern and was seldom at the office. McGranihan, who was very intemperate in his habits, did the work. Regularly once a week, on the day the paper was struck off, McGranihan called on "Uncle Nick" for money to buy whisky "to thin the printing ink." For a long time it was cheerfully furnished, until one day "Uncle Nick" concluded to visit the office and see how things were getting on, when his righteous soul was greatly vexed within him to find his working partner lying under the printing press dead drunk."

EPICUREAN.

Morgantown has long been, and still is, noted for the hospitality of its citizens.

> "The various cares in one great point combine,
> The business of their lives—that is, to dine."

In the days of "Auld Lang Syne" Rolly Scott and George Hickman were among the practical jokers of Morgantown, and Mr. Scott was something of an epicure. He gave royal entertainments to his friends. The rarest of game was procured for his table, regardless of cost, and he delighted to experimentally

test the qualities of different kinds of meats. At one time he would have ground-hog, at another time opossum, and he is one of the few persons of whom it can be said that he "ate crow." William Salyards, Esq., was an eminent iron man in his day. He was the foreman of Clinton Furnace. It is said that Mr. Salyards was once entertained at the Scott mansion, and was at breakfast served with fried rats *a la chinoise.* The uneducated stomach of Mr. Salyards revolted. It is said that Hickman had a very fine fatted calf, and Scott was the owner of a lean, ill-favored calf. Scott was frequently rallied by Hickman on account of the ill-favored condition of his calf, and in order to get even with him Scott exchanged the calves, and blacking Hickman's so it would not be recognized, employed the owner to butcher it for him. After it was dressed he kindly sent Mr. Hickman a quarter of the veal. After that Hickman did not hesitate to steal Scott's poultry from his table whenever opportunity offered, and it is said that not unfrequently the roast disappeared from the spit and the ice cream from the freezer while Scott with his guests would be seated at the table waiting for the viands to be brought in.

Speaking of ice cream calls to mind the primitive mode of manufacturing that article. The writer was told by an old citizen that he had seen it prepared in this way: The ice, being folded in a cloth, was pulverized by pounding it with a hammer. The cream was mixed with the ice, and sugar and flavoring were added to suit the taste of the customer.

Many years ago Mrs. Mary Jarrett kept a hotel on the ground now occupied by the Wallace House. She was a most excellent cateress and always entertained her guests in a very satisfactory manner. She was possessed of a weakness, common to some extent to her sex; she was fond of being flattered. She was especially fond of having praise bestowed upon her table-fare. When she thought her coffee or tea was about as good as it could be made she had a habit of fishing for a compliment by speaking disparagingly of it. A guest was once seated at Mrs. Jarrett's table who was not just a common mortal, but of the *hoi aristoi* and the good hostess was doing her best. A cup of coffee was passed to this guest which she knew was "A No. 1," and thereupon she began apologizing for its quality. The guest took her at her word. He said "it is not as good as it might be." The disappointment was visible upon the counten-

ance of the good woman as she replied, "No, but it is not so bad either."

LOVERS' LEAP, AND THE SPIRIT OF ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The town of Morgantown is bounded on the south-east by Decker's creek. On the side of the creek next the town, and a short distance from its junction with the river, is a high precipice known as "Lover's Leap." The declivity for a considerable distance is abrupt, but at the point called "Lovers' Leap" the shelving rocks project to such an extent as to require a steady head to approach near enough the edge to catch a glimpse of the water below. The perpendicular height here is about 80 feet. A narrow passage, as if hewn out of the rock, enables the adventurous explorer to pass underneath the promontory at a height of about half way up from the water's edge. Here is a favorite resort for the loiterer and pleasure seeker. Here also the school boy orator of West Virginia's Athens has often thundered his eloquence, sending it reverberating from the rock out into space. It is a pleasure to dream of tales of romance in connection with such a spot, whether such tales have any foundation or not.

The name of the place suggests lovers and a dreadful leap. A thrilling tale of love must have suggested the name. Everybody in or about Morgantown has heard tell of Mrs. Clause. Away back at the very commencement of the century just closed, Michael Clause and his charming frow came and settled here. They were Dutch people and they came across the "briny deep," it is said, in the same ship, in which came Michael Kern and —— Shockley, who were among the very oldest settlers in the place. Mr. Kern had his residence at the Beech Spring near Kern's Fort, Mr. Shockley at the property now owned by Mrs. Cobun and Mein Herr Clause and his lovely frow had their domicile hard by the Lovers' Leap," on the property now owned by Dr. Joseph A. McLane. Ordinarily the heroine of a romantic story is introduced with a flourish of trumpets and with a pen picture of her charms, etc. It is only necessary here to state that the proprietress of the "Lover's Leap" was a woman of "spirit"—at least she dealt in "spirits." All great reformers of the present day have their "barrels," and our "star-eyed goddess" had hers. Incredible as it may seem to thirsty souls of the present day, Mrs. Clause sold pure whisky at a fip-penny-bit" a pint. She is said to have been a picture well-pleasing to

the sight of her customers as she stood holding the beverage rearward with one hand and extending the other, palm upwards demanding in teutonic accent, "feep." The "feep" was a prerequisite to the delivery of the liquor. While Mrs. Clause did business there her premises at the top of the cliff were, in warm weather, a sort of summer resort, where her guests and customers enjoyed the cool shade, the bracing atmosphere and the life giving beverage, resort for hen-pecked husbands and such like, where peace abounded and the better emotions of love and friendship asserted their sway. An inspiration took hold of the affection and there one loved in spite of himself.

Two of Morgantown's prominent citizens sat in Mrs. Clause's rustic beer garden, nearly an hundred years ago, Mr. C—— and Mr. T——, drinking the inspiration of the place and Mrs. Clause's liquor at a "feep" a pint and Damon and Pytheas did not love one another with so ardent an affection as did these twain. The love of Saul and Jonathan was not "a circumstance" to theirs. They drank and embraced then embraced and drank. Each expressed his kindly feeling for the other, and then they pledged their love in another bumper. As Mrs. Clause's "spirits" went down, their "spirits" went up. In their mellow mood each observed that the other was in danger of going over the precipice and the heart of each yearned for the safety of the other. Each rushed to the rescue of the other and two heroic lovers grappled with each other, but despite their efforts they both went reeling over the hill, pell-mell into the creek. Of course they did not go over at the highest point or they would have been dashed to pieces. As it was a broken limb, a dislocated collar-bone some scratches and bruises were the result. Their delirious love and unsuple leap it is said, gave a name to the place that is destined to remain forever, and it is but right that the memory of Mrs. Clause should be perpetuated along with it.

But there is another reason why Mrs. Clause should not be forgotten. She was the first person who raised geese in this part of the country and to the enterprise and public spiritedness of this good woman may be attributed the fact that the name and fame of "Goosie" (now Front Street) went abroad over the land.

Mrs. Sparks, the daughter of Mrs. Clause, now living in Morgantown, is 82 years of age and has in her possession a feather bed made of feathers plucked by her mother from these primitive

geese near one hundred years ago. It is undoubtedly what she claims for it, the oldest feather bed in West Virginia.

The following is related of Mrs. Clause and one Zackwell Jolliffe, of the now numerous family of Jolliffes in this county. Jolliffe was a merry fellow and was fond of liquor, but did not always have the required "feep." On one occasion he appeared at Mrs. Clause's with two jugs, one of which he had taken the precaution to fill with water. The other he ordered filled with whisky. The jug was filled, and contrary to Mrs. Clause's usual custom, was handed over in advance of payment. Jolliffe then made known the fact that he was short of funds and could not pay. He was told that either the money must be paid or the whiskey handed back at once. Jolliffe adroitly shifted the jugs and with feigned sorrow handed her the jug of water which she emptied into her whisky barrel and Jolliffe went on his way rejoicing with his jug of whisky. Jolliffe afterwards justified his action by declaring that while he got the whisky Mrs. Clause was none the poorer for the quantity of liquor in her barrel was in no wise reduced.

It is related of this same Zackwell Jolliffe that owing to his excessive indulgence in drink his friends had warned him that some day he would awake from a drunken sleep to find himself in another world. One day while lying asleep from the effects of drink some mischievious boys thought they would play a prank on the old man, so they piled straw around him and set fire to it. The flames burned entirely around him before he awoke. When he saw it he looked calmly about and then remarked, "Dead, and in hell, sure enough."

THE LATE WAR AND THE REBEL RAID.

Owing to the location of Morgantown with reference to the seat of war, the citizens of the town were frequently excited over the news during the late "unpleasantness." They generally watched anxiously for the coming of the mails, and eagerly opened and scanned the newspapers as soon as they were received. As there were always quite a large number of persons who did not take papers, but still wanted to hear the news, it was customary for one of those who took a paper to read, or to have some one read his paper aloud, to a group of listeners. It is not to be expected that everyone can pronounce all the words he meets with correctly, and it is not surprising if the pronunciation was in some instances original. It is said that on one occasion a citi-

zen was reading of such and such battallions being engaged in a fight, and it was noticed that he pronounced the word battalion "battle loon." A bystander smiled as he inquired what those "battle-loons" were, and the reader was somewhat nonplussed at first, but after stopping to wipe his spectacles with the newspaper he very gravely explained, "Why, they are soldiers that go on foot and are armed with great big battle axes and fight like h—l and damnation." The explanation was satisfactory and reader proceeded.

In April of 1863 Confederate soldiers made a raid into Monongalia county, and on the 27th of that month took possession of Morgantown. The people of the town were wild with excitement and fear. Some few fool-hardy persons favored resistance, but with most of them discretion was thought to be the better part of valor. And many acting upon the theory that,

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day"

beat a precipitate retreat to Pennsylvania. Many things occurred on that day that in the light of subsequent events are very amusing, though too serious to be enjoyed at the time. Those who recollect Steven G. S—— and his better half, Mary Ann, can now take in the humor of the situation as they recall old "Uncle Steven," with his ponderous avordupois, hustling about with the agility of a suple-jack superinduced by excitement and fear. Had the angel Gabriel stood before him, trumpet in hand, Uncle Steven would not have felt more sensibly the urgency of a hasty marshalling of his offsets for the final account. His words used on that occasion have become memorable. As he waddled into the presence of his wife he exclaimed: "Mary Ann, so help me God, the rebels are coming! Get down the Bible and have a word of prayer quick, for they are coming and they are coming in power Mary Ann."

They came "in power, Mary Ann," and as they were approaching the south side of the town a prominent citizen on horseback, armed and equipped for battle, rode up the Main street of the town exhorting his fellow citizens in these words: "Fight 'em boys, fight 'em to the bitter end!" He stopped not, however, to see how well his commands were obeyed, and ere the rebel troops had entered the town the prominent citizen had a fair start in the direction of Pennsylvania.

An ex-Judge of the circuit court, who was then Judge and residing in Morgantown, relates that on hearing that the Confed-

erates were coming, he saddled his horse as hastily as possible and was taking his departure in a northerly direction as rapidly as he could persuade his old family nag to go. He had passed but a short distance from the borough limits when a young man on a foaming charger passed him with the rapidity of a wild locomotive, and as the young rider passed he called to the Judge, "Hurry up, old fellow, the rebels will catch you." But "pride goeth before a fall," the fiery animal making such fast time missed its footing, the saddle girth broke as it fell and the rider went headlong into the fence corner. As the Judge urged his plodding steed past the dismounted horseman he called to him to hurry up or the rebels would catch him, but does not know whether they did catch him or not. The Judge crossed Mason and Dixon's line in a hurry and that evening felt somewhat in luck though "ousted of his jurisdiction."

As the Confederates were approaching in the direction of Morgantown at a point near the residence of Wm. Howell, on the Evansville pike in Clinton district, Lloyd Beall and Andrew Johnson, who were guarding their horses in that vicinity, are said to have fired at them and Beall's shot is said to have taken effect in the leg of a Confederate soldier. The unfortunate citizens were soon captured and ordered to be shot. At the first fire Johnson fell dead, but Beall was only wounded. He was a cool, brave man, and it is said that he calmly took his pocket-handkerchief from his pocket and wiped away his life's blood as it flowed from the wound in his forehead. The second ball pierced his heart, and he, too, fell dead.

Albert Roby, another citizen, was returning from the blacksmith shop, and is said to have been in nowise connected with the alleged shooting, but coming upon the Confederates at the identical moment he was taken for a bushwhacker and was shot. When the first gun fired at him cracked he fell to the ground wounded, though not fatally, and feigning to be dead, he watched for an opportunity to crawl away and hide. He thus escaped, and though severely wounded, he recovered. The Confederate soldier who was shot in the leg, it is said, refused to remain behind for surgical treatment, and being carried a long distance with the army and without proper care, is said to have died from the effects of the wound.

Lloyd Beall was the oldest son of the late Caleb Beall, who resided on the Kingwood pike, about four miles south-west of

Morgantown. The family are noted for genial hospitality and kindness as well as bravery.

Andrew Johnson was a great grand son of Green, who was murdered by the Indians near Kingwood in 1786.

The object of this raid seems to have been to capture property, and especially horses. When they occupied the town they showed no disposition to harass the people, but did not hesitate to help themselves to such merchandise and goods as they needed or could find. On the second day, having evacuated the town long enough to induce many citizens of the place to return and some country people to come to the town under the supposition that they were not going to return, a troop of about sixty Confederate cavalry came suddenly into the two main streets of the town on a charge with cocked pistols in their hands, yelling like demons and commenced gathering up all the horses they could find. At this time several of the citizens, who were endeavoring to escape with their horses, were fired at but luckily none were injured. In a few minutes the whole command of about six hundred men occupied the town a second time. It is said that the General put guards over the drug stores and bars to keep the soldiers from getting whiskey, but that toward evening he left and some two hundred, who remained behind, got to the liquor and became quite mellow. The *Monitor*, published in Morgantown at that time, says that "one soldier about half seas over, (a private in a Jefferson county company by the name of Bushrod Washington and a son of Lewis Washington, one of the witnesses against John Brown) apologized to the ladies for drinking so much stating that the whisky that they got here was so much better than what they got in the Confederacy, that they could not restrain themselves. Upon being interrogated as to the age of their whiskey down south, he replied: "A week old, all to six days"

The following incident was related by a correspondent of the *Jeffersonian*, of Philippi, W. Va. published in September 1883.

"When Jones made his famous raid through Morgantown in 1863, among the rebel officers was a handsome young Lieutenant Colonel in command of one of the regiments. As the battle-scarred veterans came trooping into the town from every quarter, the people, (or rather the women, for the valient men of that loyal and war-like town had fled leaving their wives and daughters to the tender mercies of the famished rebel horde) poured

out into the streets to see whether Lee's fighting men wore horns or feathers. The Colonel, young and handsome, seeing a bevy of young ladies on the corner near Wallace's hotel, rode up to the curb-stone and politely lifting his slouch hat said: "We hoped to have the pleasure, ladies, of capturing a United States Senator in this town when we came here." One of the girls, a sprightly brunette, stepped foward and said. "And what would you have done with him had you been successful?" To this the Colonel replied, "We would have treated him very kindly, Miss, and given him a free pass to Richmond, the Capital of the Confederacy." To this the lady sharply replied, "You did not get him, did you? He was to smart for you. Why he has more sense than the whole rebel dynasty." The young officer again lifted his hat and asked if he might inquire her name. She replied that her name was Julia Willey, the daughter of United States Senator Waitman T. Willey. And so the bloody war went on, and the young lady is now the wife of State Senator Wm. C. McGrew and the young rebel officer is the Hon. Mr. O'Ferrel, a member of Congress from the Winchester District, in the old cavalier Commonwealth."

The Mayor of Morgantown, having no force for defense of course the town was surrendered on such terms as could be had. Safety for the lives of the people was promised, some property was destroyed and some taken by the soldiers. A tenement house on the lands of the late William Lazier, a short distance from town was burned to the ground. Fire was kindled on the suspension bridge, but fortunately for Morgantown the Confederates went away and the citizens succeeded in extinguishing it before much damage was done.

John G. Gay, who was then Mayor of Morgantown, was a son of the late Mathew Gay, and was born and reared in the town. Having prepared himself by study for the practice of law, he determined to make his home in Oregon. He was married June 17, 1865 to Miss Mary W. Simonson, of Connellsville, Penna., and on the following day set out for the Pacific Coast *via* New York. Arriving at San Francisco they took passage for Oregon on the Steamer "Brother Jonathan." At noon on July 30th, when off St. George's Point, near Crescent City, California, the vessel struck a hidden rock, and in 45 minutes went to the bottom. The seas were heavy and though about two hundred souls were on board, only one life-boat with sixteen persons in it

reached the shore. It is related that Mr. and Mrs. Gay ran to a life-boat but it was so full that no more men were allowed to get into it. The devoted young wife threw her arms about the neck of her husband and nobly refused to leave him. Survivors say that when last seen they were standing in each others embrace and went down together.

And now if any person shall have had the patience and perseverance requisite to reading this paper through, he will be interested to such an extent that he will want to know the road to Morgantown.

The following directions in reference to finding the road are said to have been given to a stranger by a citizen of Monongalia county, who resided somewhere on the Virginia Fork of Dunkard more than half a century ago:

It is a scene of actual occurrence and has been in print several times and is therefore more than a thrice told tale. "Blink eyed Baldwin" has roasted his last plow share and "Dan Cake, the dog-shooter." has ceased to terrorize the canine tribe. The "Dowd niggers" have gone to a country where slander suits are not brought and Ben. Shuman's pups have all been long since disposed of. The Tennants, however, still "hold the fort" on Straddler's and Jake's Runs, and now as then, "it's Tennants here and Tennants there, and it's Tennants in everybody's mouth."

But "by the grace of God," here is Robbin Darrah, and the stranger inquires:

"My friend can you tell me the road to Morgantown?"

Robbin Darrah.—(Throwing down an armful of chips which he was carrying from the yard.)By the grace of God I can, as well as any man in the county, for I've been there myself. You come past old Joel Tuttle's, didn't you? with his lip sticken' out like your foot—the amber runnin' off his lip sufficient to swim ducks. He chaws tobacco, sir.

Stranger.—I care nothing about him. I've "come past" there, I wish to get to Morgantown.

Darrah.—Well, you'll take up the hill past "ould blink eyed Baldwin's," all the blacksmith we have in this country—the cussedest iron roaster you ever saw in the days of your life. He will burn up forty plow shares a year if you'll take 'em to him. A few days ago Jake—dang his name—and Bets—ding her—(I can't think of either of their names) was runnin' off to get married over in Pennsylvania, and stopt at old "blink-eyed" Bald-

win's to git their horses shod; blow'd, and the devil a shoe he made, and whether they got married or not I'm not able to tell you. He's got a little old stewed up woman fur a wife about as big as your fist—about so high—and she keeps all the whole country in an uproar with her lies, running from house to house tattling, and she's got her name up so that it's Mattie Baldwin here, and Mattie Baldwin's in everybody's mouth, and there's not a law suit in the county but what she's summoned as a witness fur somebody, and whether she swears lies or not I'm not able to tell ye, but I believe she swears lies. You'll take down the hill from there to Dave Chew's that married old Aaron Foster's widder. At first sight you'll think he's a nigger, but he's a white man, sir. You'll turn round his farm to the right; that road will lead you to Dan Cake's, the dog shooter. He has killed all the dogs in the country, so if you're afraid of dogs you needn't be alarmed, fur there's not a dog left to bark at ye, and it's Dan Cake here and Dan Cake there, and Dan Cake's in everybody's mouth. He ought to be made pay fur the dogs, and I think he will afore he gets through with it. The other day me and my son Joe was goin' round the field and up jumped a fox, and the dog took after it, and we've never heard of the dog or fox since till this day, and then the fox was about 350 yards ahead of the dog, and he hasn't got back yit, and I expect Dan Cake killed him. You just keep right down the run from there and you'll come in amongst the fattest, lustiest set of niggers you ever seen in all the days of your life, There name is Dowd, and its Dowd here and Dowd there, and the Dowds is in everybody's mouth, and I've one of the cussedest law suits with them you ever heard of in your life, and its all about slander, and ther's Tom P. Ray, the clerk of the court in Morgantown, and Edgar C. Wilson, the best lawyer in Virginny, both says I'll beat them out as slick as a mole, and it's all about slander, though I never slandered anybody myself. If I know anything against anybody I generally keep it to myself. You'll cross over a p'int there and fall over on another run, and by turning to the right you'll come down to old Bill Messer's. He married a Mitz and her name is Peg, and she's the cussedest woman to swear you ever heard in all your life, sir. Her hair sticks out like a scrub broom. She don't comb it from one week's end to another, and it's Peg Messer here and Peg Messer there, and Peg Messer is in everybody's mouth, and she can out swear Mattie Baldwin. You'll there turn to the left and that will take you up to a p'int

and you will fall over onto Jake's run—it used to be called Straddler's run—named after old Jake Straddler, in Indian times, and its settled with Tennants from head to mouth, and its Tennants here and Tennants there and it is Tennants in everybody's mouth, and they are the cussedest set of men to fight you ever saw in all your born days; whenever they have a log rollin' or any coming together of the people, their jackets are off and the blood and snot a flyin' and all hollerin' "fair play." The father will fight with the son, and the son with the father, and brothers will fight one another. But there is old Enoch Tennant, stepping around with his head a sticking to one side. I believe he's the finest Tennant among 'em—but there's Black Ben, Pete Tennant's nigger, I'd like to forgot him—he is the only white man amongst all of 'em. You'll turn up that Run by turning to the right—no road to turn you off till you fall on the head of Little Pawpaw to my son-in-law's, Ben. Shuman's, one of the ugliest men you ever saw in your lifetime, and it's Ben. Shuman here, and Ben Shuman there, and Ben Shuman's in everybody's mouth—keeps the whole neighborhood in an uproar with his lies, I must say that Ben Shuman has the best breed of dogs in the country, and he's going to have a lot of young pups soon. My Joe spoke a pup, and Bill spoke a pup, and Bob spoke a pup, and Henry spoke another pup, but I 'low to go over day after to-morrow myself and buy the old mother and sell her to my brother-in-law, Joe Koon, for a gallon of whisky or a bushel of corn. John Hood's got the best store in Blacksville. There's goin' to be a famine on this creek, for Shep. Lemasters and Joe Parks are selling their corn out at twenty-five cents a bushel, and they'll have to give fifty cents for the same corn back agin between this and harvest, and Bill Lantz and Bill Thomas have got a barrel of whiskey apiece, are retailin' it out at a bushel of wheat to the gallon, and they'll get all the wheat in this neighborhood, and that wheat will go from here to Waynesburg, and from there to Pittsburg, and I'm drawin' a pension at this time, and the devil and more right have I to it than you have, but there was old Andy Cobley and Jack Brookover got me afore the 'Squire, and didn't care what I swore, so they got part of the money. All the exploit I ever done in my life was to kill my mother, and then the gun went off by accident——

Stranger—Good day, sir.

Mrs. Darrah.—Robin, the gentleman don't know no more

about the road now than if you hadn't said a word.

Darrah.—Hold your tongue, old woman; by the grace of God he can't miss the way, and I know he recollects it, for he said good morning and I said good morning, and so we parted.

Its establishment as the County Seat of Monongalia County; The Origin of its Municipal Government; Its Mayors, Trustees and Common Council, and other Municipal Officers Organization of Fire Companies, or other means for Extinguishment of Fires; Matters of Interest from Records in relation to its Material, Moral and Sanitary Improvements; Years of marked Progress; The Formation of Wards; Suggestions as to its Government and Ordinances for the Promotion of the Welfare of its People in the Future.

By L. S. HOUGH, ESQ.

"A hundred years hence what a change will be made,
In politics, morals, religion and trade,
And statesmen who wrangle, and ride on the fence,
How things will be altered a hundred years hence."

In reference to the first branch of my subject I have to say, that the first notice we have of "Morgan's town," being made the place of holding court—which it is fair to presume was its establishment as the county seat of this county—was in May, 1783, when an act was passed by the General Assembly "Begun and held at the Public Buildings in the city of Richmond on Monday the fifth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-three, and in the seventh year of the commonwealth, as follows:

CHAP. XVIII.

An act authorizing the justices of the county of Monongalia to appoint a place for holding courts for the said county and for other purposes.

I. Whereas it is represented to this General Assembly that by the extension of the line called Mason's and Dixon's line, the court house of Monongalia county has fallen into the State of Pennsylvania, and that the house of Zackwell Morgan is conveniently situated for the present holding of courts;

II. Be it therefore enacted, that the justices of the said county shall, and they are hereby authorized to hold courts for the said county at the house of the said Zackwell Morgan, at the time appointed by law, until a court house shall be erected. And whereas since the extension of the said line, the justices of the said county have adjourned to, and held their courts at several places within the county, and it is reasonable that their proceedings should be confirmed;

III. Be it therefore enacted, That all judgments obtained, and other proceedings of the said court, had or done at the places to which the said adjournments were respectively made, shall be deemed as good and valid in law in like manner as if the same had been done at a place legally appointed for the holding of the court of the said county.

IV. And be it further enacted, That the justices of the said county, or a majority of them, shall, and they are hereby authorized and empowered, to meet at some convenient place in the said county, within six months after the passing of this act, and agree upon a proper place for holding the court of the said county; and they are hereby authorized and empowered to purchase a seat of land not exceeding ten acres for the purpose of erecting a court house, jail, and other necessary public buildings, and to levy the money necessary for that purpose; also for the purpose of erecting such buildings, on the tithable persons of the said county, in the same manner as other county levies."

(See Herring's statutes at large, Vol. XI, pages 255–256.)

THE ORIGIN OF ITS MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

The origin of its municipal government, commenced with its establishment as a town, which was by an act of the Legislature of Virginia, passed in October, 1785, and in the 10th year of the Commonwealth, which act, so far as relates to said establishment, is as follows:

Chap. XCVII; "An act to establish a town on the lands of Zackwell Morgan, in the county of Monongalia."

1. "Be it enacted by the General Assembly, That fifty acres of land, the property of Zackwell Morgan, lying in the county

of Monongalia, shall be, and they are hereby invested in Samuel Hanway, John Evans, David Scott, Michael Kearnes and James Daugherty, trustees, to be by them, or any three of them, laid off into lots of half an acre each, with convenient streets, which shall be, and the same are hereby established a town by the name of Morgan's town."

(See Herring's statutes at large, Vol. 12, pages 212–213.)

Trustees for said town were also provided for by act of the Legislature of Virginia, passed February 7, 1810, and to be five in number, and elected by the freeholders. By acts of said Legislature, passed respectively January 6, 1816, and January 4, 1822, (see same.) , Those trustees had the right to levy a tax not exceeding a fixed rate. The town was incorporated on the 3rd day of February, 1838, as "The Borough of Morgantown," and seven trustees to be elected annually by the male house keepers and owners of real estate in said town, being citizens of Monongalia county, of the age of twenty-one years, and upwards, who were to meet annually at the court house in said town, on the first Monday in April, and under the superintendence of a magistrate of said county and elect *viva voce*, seven persons as trustees, who shall be free holders in said town. (See acts of Assembly 1838, Chap. 279, pages 204–5.) Subsequently, by an act passed March 20, 1860, an amended charter was granted by the Legislature of Virginia, under which a Mayor, Sergeant, five Councilmen and a Recorder have been elected annually. This last named act of incorporation greatly enlarged the powers and duties of said corporate authorities, and is the same charter under which said town is now governed. (See acts Legislature of Virginia, Chap. 202, pages 379.)

The officers of said town have been, and are as follows, so far as disclosed by any and all sources accessible to me:

First, The trustees hereinbefore named in the act of October 1785. From Wiley's history of Monongalia county, page 577, I extract the following for years 1816 and 1828:

TRUSTEES.	TRUSTEES.
1816.	1828.
J. A Shackelford,	Matthew Gay,
Rawley Evans,	I. H. McGee,
A. Werninger,	E. M. Wilson,
John Shisler,	J. A. Shackelford,
N. B. Madera,	N. B. Madera.

1838.
William Lazier,
W. T. Willey,
Robt. P. Hennen,
Elias Stilwell,
F. A. Dering,
Thomas P. Ray.

1839.
William Lazier,
Thomas P. Ray,
Reuben B. Taylor,
Robt. P. Hennen,
W. T. Willey,
John Hanway,
Wm. M. Dering,

1840.
Reuben B. Taylor,
Henry Lazier,
Francis Madera,
Thomas P. Ray,
Charles McLane,

1841.
Reuben B. Taylor,
G. R. C. Allen,
Michael Shisler,
Francis Madera,
Henry Lazier,
John Hanway,
Thomas P. Ray.

1842.
George Kramer,
N. B. Madera,
John Hanway,
Hugh Daugherty,
Martin Callendine,
G. R. C. Allen.

1843.
Matthew Gay,
Caleb Dorsey,
Alex. Hayes,
William Lazier,
Geo. D. Evans,
Josiah W. Saer,
Isaac Cooper.

1845.
G. R. C. Allen,
Alexander Hayes,
Hugh Daugherty,
John Hanway,
Charles McLane,
N. Pickenpaugh,
Francis Madera,

1846.
N. Pickenpaugh,
Charles McLane,
Geo. D. Evans,
A. S. Vance,
R. L. Berkshire,
John Watts,
M. Callendine,

1847.
George Hill,
F. A. Dering,
Charles McLane,
Geo. M. Hagans,
Alex. Hayes,
S. Pickenpaugh,
Michael Shisler,

1848.
Michael Shisler,
Francis Demain,
F. A. Dering,
David C. Chadwick,
John Watts,
Alexander Hayes,
Wm. Durbin,

1849.
Henry Dering,
William Lazier,
David H. Chadwick,
Michael Shisler,
Elias Stilwell,
John Hanway,
Nicholas Pickenp'gh.

1850.
Caleb Dorsey,
James Johnson,
A. S. Vance,
Alex. Hayes,
Michael Shisler,
Wm. M. Evans,
Francis Demain,
R. L. Berkshire.

1851.
Elias Stilwell,
Henry Daugherty,
E. C. Lazier,
David B. Lynch.
John R. Drabell,
John E. Fleming,
R. L. Berkshire.

1852.
Isaac Scott,
John R. Drabell,
David H. Chadwick,
D. B. Lynch,
John E. Fleming,
James Protzman.
E. P. Fitch.

1853.
Geo. S. Ray,
D. B. Lynch,
Isaac Scott,
Manliff Hayes,
John R. Drabell,
Henry Daugherty,
E. P. Fitch.

1854.
Geo. S. Ray,
Isaac Scott,

E. P. Fitch,
John R. Drabell,
Kinsey Fife,
Robt. P. Hennen,
Francis Madera.

1855.

Isaac Scott,
John R. Drabell,
E. P. Fitch,
K. Fife,
F. Madera,
R. P. Hennen,
Geo. S. Ray.

1856.

Isaac Scott,
James Odbert,
R. P. Hennen,
Jacob Kiger,
Daniel Fordyce,
M. Shisler,
E. P. Fitch.

1857.

William Lazier,
Isaac Scott,
Henry Dering,
John Wallace,
Philip Rogers,
Daniel Fordyce,
E. P. Fitch.

1858.

Francis Madera,
David G. Thompson,
Manliff Hayes,
R. L. Berkshire,
A. C. Dorsey,
Charles W. Finnell,
L. S. Hough.

1859.

M. Callendine,
F. A. Dering,
Alex. Hayes,
D. H. Chadwick,
W. A. Hanway,
R. L. Berkshire,
M. M. Dent.

COUNCILMEN.

1860.

D. H. Chadwick,
Wm. A. Hanway,
Robt. P, Hennen,
Mathew Gay,
George Kiger.

1861.

D. H. Chadwick,
Wm. A. Hanway,
F. A. Dering,
Geo. R, Dering,
Robt. P. Hennen.

1862.

S. Pickenpaugh,
Wm. A. Hanway,
Robt. P. Hennen,
F. A. Dering,
Geo. R. Dering.

1863.

D. H. Chadwick,
Wm. A. Hanway,
F. A. Dering,
Jacob Kiger.

1864.

James C. Wallace,
F. S. Dawson,
F. M. Durbin,
Henry M. Morgan,
Geo. W. Johnson.

1865.

Geo M. Hagans,
Wm. H. Staggers,
Alex. Hayes,
Jacob Kiger,
H. D. McGeorge.

1866.

H. M. Morgan,
Geo. C. Sturgiss,
N. B. Madera,
L. S. Hayes,
John C. Wagner.

1867.

F. W. Thompson,
Jacob Kiger,
Daniel Fordyce,
James A. Davis,
James M. Shank.

1868.

F. A. Dering,
Wm. N. Jarrett,
John Protzman,
Robt. P. Hennen,
T. Pickenpaugh.

1869.

Jacob Kiger,
Lewis S. Hayes,
James M. Shank,
Wm. N. Jarrett,
James C. Wallace.

1870.

F. W. Thompson,
L. S. Hough.
J. J. Fitch,
Geo. C. Sturgiss,
F. M. Durbin.

1871.

F. W. Thompson,
L. S. Hough,
F. M. Durbin,
H. M. Morgan,
D. H. Chadwick.

1872.
D. H. Chadwick,
L. S. Hough,
F. M. Durbin,
F. W. Thompson,
Wm. N. Jarrett.

1873.
D. H. Chadwick,
L. S. Hough,
Wm. N. Jarrett,
Ed. Shisler,
Geo. W. McVicker.

1874.
D. H. Chadwick,
L. S. Hough,
Matthew Hennen,
Ed. Shisler,
H. W. Brock.

1875.
L. S. Hough,
E. H. Coombs,
W. A. Robison,
Geo. C. Sturgiss,
H, W. Brock.

1876.
L. S. Hough,
W. A. Robison,
F. W. Thompson,
Jos. Moreland,
H. W. Brock.

1877.
F. W. Thompson,
Henry S. Hayes,
Albert Madera,
Samuel Sears.

1878.
Geo. W. John,
Geo. W. McVicker,
F. K. O'Kelley
N. N. Hoffman,
Benj. M. Dorsey.

1879.
Geo. W. John,
F. K. O'Kelley,
Geo. W. McVicker,
N. N. Hoffman,
Benj. M. Dorsey.

1880.
F. K. O'Kelley,
F. W. Thompson,
Benj.M. Dorsey,
Henry S. Hayes,
Manliff Hayes.

1881.
T. Pickenpaugh,
Benj. M. Dorsey,
E. W. S. Dering,
N. N. Hoffman,

1882.
Jos. A. McLane,
Benj. M. Dorsey,
T. Pickenpaugh,
E. W. S. Dering,
N. N. Hoffman.

1883.
Jos. A. McLane,
T. Pickenpaugh,
E. W. S. Dering,
N. N. Hoffman,
F. A. Hennen,

1884.
Jos.A. McLane,
T. Pickenpaugh,
E. W. S. Dering,
F. A. Hennen,
N. N. Hoffman.

1885.
Jos. A. McLane,
T. Pickenpaugh,
E. W. S. Dering
F. A. Hennen,
N. N. Hoffman.

MAYORS.

1860.—Philip Rogers.
1861.—Isaac Scott.
1862-3-4.—John G. Gay.
1865.—Wm. Lazier.
1866.—J. M. Hagans.
1867.—John C. Wagner.
1868.—F. W. Thompson.
1869-70.—J. M. Hagans.
1871.—John H. Hoffman.
1872-3-4.—Joseph Moreland.
1875.—E. Shisler.
1876-7.—Wm. C. McGrew.
1878-9.—Joseph Moreland.
1880.—Jesse J. Fitch.
1881-2.—Manliff Hayes.
1883.—Manliff Hayes.
1884.—John C. Wagner.
1885.—John C. Wagner.

RECORDERS.

1860-1-2.—Manliff Hayes.
1863-4-5.—Manliff Hayes.
1866-7.—Manliff Hayes.
1868.—James A. Davis.

1869.—Geo. W. McVicker.
1870-1.—F. A. Dering.
1872-3.—Charles McLane.
1874.—C. W. Finnell, jr.
1875-6.—W. W. Dering.
1877-8-9-80.—J. W. Madera.
1881-2.—Wm. Moorhead.
1883.—Wm. Moorhead.
1884.—Wm. Moorhead.
1885.—Wm. Moorhead.

Sergeants.

1860.—A. C. Pickenpaugh.
1861.—John S. Dering.
1862.—James Johnson.
1863.—James F. Snider,
F. K. O'Kelley.
1864.—James F. Snider.
1865.—N. S. Evans.
1866.—James M. Shank.
1867.—John W. Madera.
1868.—A. Jenkins.
1869.—Alonzo Finnell.
Joseph Dawson.
1870.—Jacob S. Shisler,
John Watts.
1871.—Jacob Kiger,
James Odbert.
1872-3.—James Odbert.
1874.—Jacob Kiger.
1875.—Uriah Rider.
1876.—Chas. Chalfant.
1877.—Wm. N. Bricker.
1878-9.—C. A. Madera.
1880.—C. M. Chalfant.
1881-2.—Alfrey Carraco.
1883.—James R. Hopkins,
Asst. Chas. Shisler.
1884.—Andrew Kiger.
1885.—Jacob Stine.

TREASURERS.

1868.—T. Pickenpaugh.
1869.—Wm. N. Jarrett.
1870-1.—F. M. Durbin.
1874.—E. Shisler.
1875.—Geo. C. Sturgiss,
1876.—Jos. Moreland.
1877.—F. W. Thompson.
1878.—Geo. W. John.
1881.—N. N. Hoffman.
1882.—N. N. Hoffman.
1883.—N. N. Hoffman.
1884.—N. N. Hoffman.
1885.—N. N. Hoffman.

Since the establishment of this town in October, 1785, to the present time, there has been no regular organization of "Fire Companies." The town authorities many years since purchased buckets, ladders and hooks, which are used—when necessary—for the extinguishment of fires. The town has also erected a house in which these things are kept; and in their day have done good service. The town has generally relied on the voluntary exertions of the citizens, aided by the ladies, and in no single instance has there been any disappointment. As soon as an alarm of fire has been given the citizens rush to the scene of action, and by well directed, and industrious effort, the fire, great or little, is soon extinguished. From the fact that apparatus for the purpose has not been purchased, I have concluded that